

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

**"What a
Woman
Wants"**

By **SAMUEL
MERWIN**

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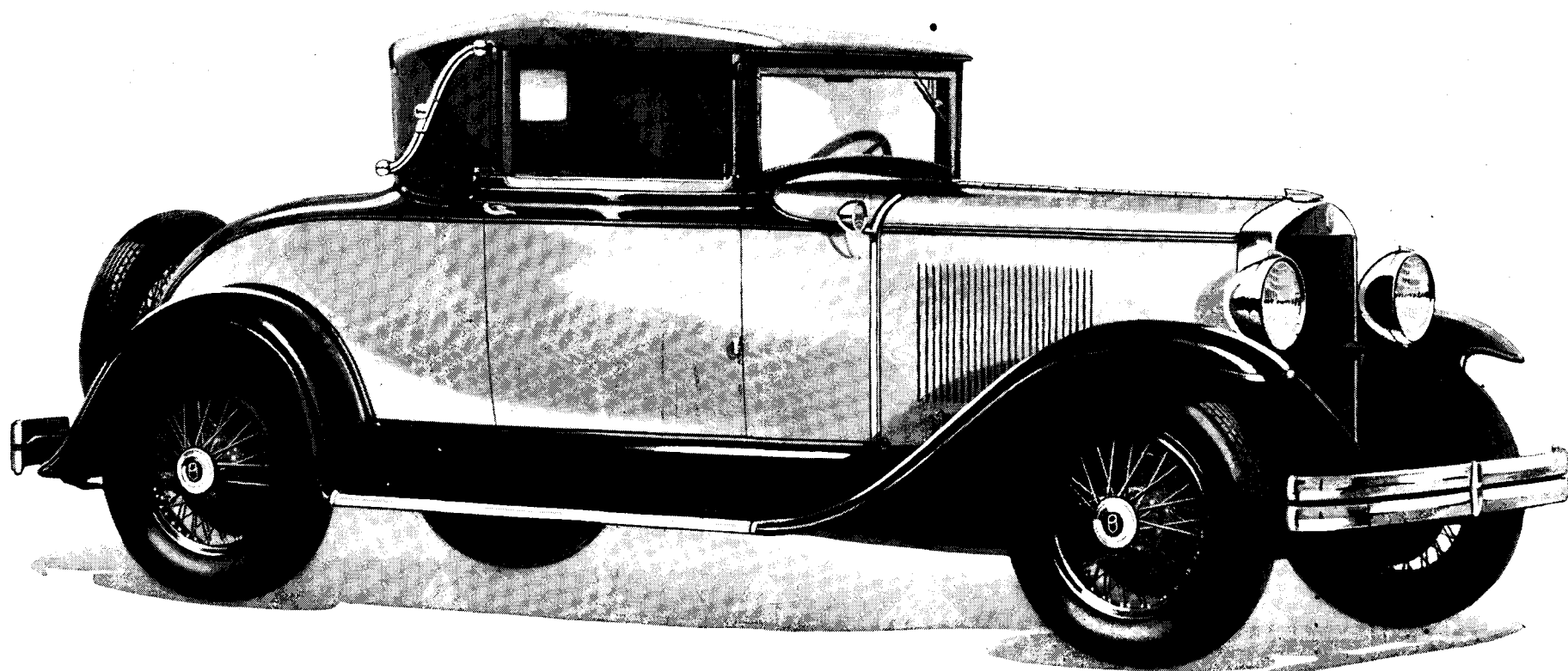
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"What a Woman Wants"

By Samuel Merwin

There are many ways to win a girl. But the best of them all is the oldest

THE roofed-in pier at New Bedford was crowded with summer folk . . . bronzed, capable young men in knickerbockers, brightly dressed women and children, girls all about, girls with bare tanned arms and cool eyes. Negro porters pressed through, carrying hand luggage. Forward the mate was running automobiles up a perilously narrow gangplank. There was clatter and the noise of motors in low speed and a gabble of laughter and talk. In a few minutes the big white steamer would pull out.

Nathan Oakes, carrying his own suitcase, moved irresolutely toward the after gangway, where a quartermaster was examining tickets. He shouldn't have come. "In wrong," he thought confusedly, "as usual." For a moment he even stopped short. Perhaps he wouldn't go, after all. But that, he knew well enough, was no more than an errant thought.

For Ethel was over at Nantucket. He'd have to go. Even if Charlie Demar was there too. Charlie had sworn he'd go along, and Ethel hadn't discouraged him. "It's a battle to the death," thought Nathan, who was only twenty-three and suffered the tortures of the imagination. "It's a bitter war. To the death. One of us wins, he or I."

Nathan was a handsome Greek god of a youth, big, blond, with dreaming blue eyes and a sensitive mouth that rather belied the athletic frame. The girls were all stealing glances at him. He knew that. The fact touched a sore spot. Girls always wanted to meet him; but, as inevitably, before he'd talked long, their interest faded.

He heard low, impassioned voices right at hand. A young woman, beautiful, really beautiful, slim, dressed with expensive simplicity; an oval face with great dark eyes that burned with emotion and a perfectly chiseled mouth. She carried herself like a royal princess. He stole another glance. She was young, but a person. There was a flash of authority about her, an air of unshakable position in the world. He thought, "Perhaps she is a princess. They come to America. Lots of them, these days. And some of them speak English perfectly."

The man was more puzzling. Striking in appearance, young enough, with flashing bold eyes and a noticeable mobility of expression. Not at all the tight-lipped sort. Handsome, in a way. Yes, decidedly. Something or other out of the ordinary. Even his costume was odd; a full suit of white flannels, a yachting cap minus insignia, black-and-white



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"I'm not planning a petting party. No fear! I'm going now. I'll wait for you exactly fifteen minutes." With which he walked away

sport shoes. Beneath the cap what he could see of the fellow's hair the back of it appeared to have a curiously regular wave. "Marcelled," thought Nathan, and was vaguely repelled. Possibly an actor. Quite likely a lot of those people went to Nantucket. Nathan contrived one more look. (They mustn't catch him at it.)

"By God, then," the man broke out, in a bitterly suppressed voice, "I'll take this boat!" He had her by the arm. There was a flush on his face. It occurred to Nathan that he'd probably been drinking. Yes, he had! You could smell it.

The girl wrenched her arm away. "If you do," she said, with a note of throbbing passion in her low-pitched voice that touched and set up a responsive vibration in Nathan's nervous system. . . . "If you do, I'll throw myself overboard."

Nathan started. The fellow couldn't see. But the

girl could. Her unhappy eyes met his in a flashing glance. Just for a moment. Now the fellow had her arm again. Nathan moved forward half a step before he could catch himself. But the girl broke away and walking rapidly to the gangplank disappeared aboard the boat. The actor-fellow gazed after her, his underlip trembling in what Nathan thought an unmanly way. Then he turned and ran toward the ticket office, dodging through the crowd like a halfback.

A bell clanged. The steamer's whistle breathed hoarsely in a mighty effort, then broke forth in deafening sound. There was hurry and bustle about the pier. Nathan braced himself and went aboard. Why not? Why be shame-faced about it? Didn't a man have to fight for the woman he loved? Ethel knew he loved her. He'd be alone on the boat. He could think. Shape up some plan of campaigning. And occupy himself making sketches. Human types. And the gulls. It would be interesting to draw the gulls. He was forever making his little sketches . . . on restaurant menus, standing at a street corner, even in subway cars on the backs of envelopes. Everywhere.

A CHIRPY feminine voice fell upon his ears: "Bless me, if it isn't Nathan!" This on the upper deck, aft. He was trying to open one of the complicated folding armchairs and jammed his thumb.

It was the Paverleys, all of them. Mr. and Mrs. and the four little girls. Mrs. was effusive and plumply pretty. Mr. was little and rosy and fat and bald, breathing out a prosperous optimism.

Nathan had to sit with them. Just out o' luck. Mrs. asked a lot of questions, of course. Mostly about his work, a little about his father. Naturally she didn't speak of his mother. And Mr., who manufactured the

Paverley Pale Ginger Ale, talked about that. It was his life. . . .

"Come and have a look at the plant some day, Nathan. Our growth will amaze you. Six million dollars last year. Looks like a cool nine million this year. Gross business, of course. We use only the highest grade ingredients and the most modern machinery. Nothing is touched by hand. Nothing! And only the purest spring water! Looka here, why don't I put you at drawing our advertisements? You'd find it an inspiring place to work."

Half an hour of it. Nathan watched the gulls circling and soaring and diving, just astern.

They were sitting by the stairway that leads up to the boat deck. A woman came out from the cabin. That young woman. She moved beautifully. Sinuously. He caught it now. . . . "I'm sure it would be fascinating." This to Mr. . . . Of course! She

was an actress. Probably famous. She passed directly in front of them. Did her wonderful eyes take him in for just an instant as she went by? He wasn't sure.

Mrs. said: "The children must have their naps, William." At which all four clamored, "Oh, no!" Nathan smiled politely. He wished they were dead. Or that he was.

"Well," responded Mr., "don't know but what I'll lie down a bit myself. It's a longish trip. Five mortal hours of it. See you again, Nathan. And don't forget to drop in on me at the plant. Like as not we'll hit something off. What I say is, when our whole population learns about the absolute purity of our line they'll drink nothing else. Just a little matter of overcoming consumer-resistance."

NATHAN peeped out around the stair-casing. People were sitting all about. Those everlasting family groups. Nice people. Nice, boresome people. And one of those tanned girls was throwing sly glances in his direction. A pretty blonde with a red hat. He didn't want any of them to catch a hint of the wild notions that jangled confusedly in his brain. Or in his nerves. . . . There she was! Standing motionless, watching the gulls. A dainty hand on the rail.

A little rush of color stole into his face. Hastily he felt through his pockets for something to sketch on. An envelope . . . could he hope to catch the line of her head and back? If only she'd hold the pose!

She moved. Came toward the stairs. Went up to the boat deck. Rats! He settled back in his chair. The girl in the red hat was looking again. Idly he drew. Just for appearances. Dared he follow up there? There was another stairway forward. He waited a few moments. There wouldn't be so many people up topside there, in the sun and wind. Most of the crowd didn't come aboard, anyway, until the stop at Woods Hole.

With some semblance of an offhand manner, he slipped the envelope into his pocket and strolled into the cabin. Went on through to the forward stairs. Mounted them. Walked aft.

There she was . . . standing in that same position with a hand on the rail. And nobody else about. You could see the gulls better up here. Funny how excited he was. All strung up and burning inside. How would you explain that? In the face of his devotion to Ethel? Why, he was chasing desperately after Ethel, just to put up one more pathetic plea. He felt guilty. He walked slowly and quietly, on the balls of his feet. Here was a chair. Near enough. She hadn't heard him. At least she didn't turn. He took the chair and went to work.

She dropped her hand.

"Oh," . . . he cried . . . "don't move! . . . Please!"

She started and looked at him. Coldly, at first, taking him all in. He couldn't guess what she was thinking. He couldn't think himself. He knew he was red. And biting his lip. "I'm a damn fool!" he thought. "Forgetting myself like that."

He'd have to explain. She was still looking. Say something. . . . "I'm sorry! I was sketching you. You see . . ." That was all he contrived to get out.

The big inscrutable eyes were still considering him. What could he do?

Slowly, at last, she turned back. Put her hand on the rail.

"Is this the way I was?" she asked quietly. And again her voice stirred that vibrant response within him. A rather deep voice, with color. And with that throb in it.

"Yes," said he, shortly, and went feverishly to work. Funny how curt

that "yes" of his had sounded. But he couldn't help that. It wouldn't do, of course, to keep her standing there forever. Soon he finished. "Thanks," he called. "Thanks ever so much. That's all."

"May I see it?" she asked.

"Oh, it's nothing. Just a hasty sketch."

She stood by the chair, looking down at it. "Why, it's good. Awfully good."

"You think so? I'd love to make a real one. You know. Take more time to it. I think I could get you."

"I wouldn't mind. But I rather think something could be done with this. Might I borrow it?"

"Oh, you can have it. If you want it. I hadn't thought . . ."

"Really. That's very kind of you."

He knew that she was looking down at him now, rather than at the sketch. He could fairly feel her gaze on his bare head. His yellow hair was curly. All his life he'd fought those curls. Plastered them down. But they wouldn't stay plastered.

"Are you going through to Nan-tucket?" she asked.

"Oh, yes." He had another envelope out and was sketching a gull; trying to catch that amazing poise, motionless in the air, just before the bird dropped like a plummet to the water.

"So you're an artist," she mused.

"Trying to be." It occurred to him that he oughtn't to sit while she stood. There wasn't another chair near. He jumped up. "Won't you sit down?" he asked.

Those eyes were still taking him in. She was perfectly quiet and self-possessed. He wondered if she, too, were thinking about that odd, tragic moment on the pier. You couldn't tell.

"Thanks," said she. "It's rather nice over here, don't you think?" They moved together to the long seat against the rail. "I like to look at the water," she said. He went on sketching the gulls. A wing. A plump, boat-like body. The downward curve of the legs. For a time nothing was said. The dark eyes followed his swift pencil.

"I've wondered," he burst out, coloring again, "if you're an actress."

"Yes, I'm an actress." Once again he felt that she was taking him all in, weighing him up. The faintest imaginable flicker of a smile curved her lips. "I'm Dora Dangerfield."

HE STARED straight at her. "Do—Do—" It was no good stammering like that. He laughed, and she smiled. A hundred times he had seen that name in electric lights. And on the fences. Dora Dangerfield was a star. She played in those clever British comedies. "Why," said he, coloring again. (How he hated that absurd blushing! Wouldn't he ever grow up?). . . . "Why, you're famous!"

"I suppose so. In a way."

"I'm nobody. Just a struggler."

"You know, at least, that you're very good-looking."

What could he say to that? If he didn't look out he would be stammering again. Thoughts of Ethel came to mind in an emotional uprush. She'd been slipping away from him so. Playing around with Charlie Demar. Darn Charlie! An odd fact was that, that sense of guilt had left him. . . . The famous Dora Dangerfield was just a girl, after all. Well, just a young woman. A little older than she appeared doubtless. But she was human. And friendly. She must have had deep experiences. They did, in the theater. She'd understand. He knew that she was unhappy. Though she had everything. Everything else. Queer business.

"I'm in a pretty desperate mood," he muttered darkly.

"Are you?"

"It's a girl of course. She's at Nan-tucket. Went down yesterday. With her aunt. And another fellow went along. Charlie Demar." He turned on her. "You've known life."

"Some of it."

"Tell me, then, why is it that girls don't like a man who's honest with 'em?"

"Don't they?"

"No. They don't. They like a man that kids them, plays with them. Take Charlie Demar. He hasn't a sincere hair in his head. He's had a lot of girls. Believe me, he has played around. Doesn't take them seriously. Doesn't mean a word he says. And they fall for it. Even Ethel."

"WELL, women are rather strange creatures. Surely you know that."

"Most of them, I grant you. Primitive little devils. But I thought Ethel was different. I thought she'd understand. You see, she's not one of those rattle-headed flappers. I thought she could think. She's gentle and well-bred enough. I couldn't lie to a woman. I couldn't kiss a woman just for the thrill. You know what I mean . . . our minds would have to meet first . . . understand each other . . . it would have

to mean something else. Something real. I'd have to know that she *wanted* to kiss me. I'm not just an animal. Kissing's so beastly incidental. . . . You're laughing at me."

"No." She had smiled. "No, I was thinking."

"Thinking what? . . . I beg your pardon! I mean, you've known life. I feel that you could understand. I'm bewildered. I think I've been pretty deeply hurt. Can't seem to figure it out. It's got me sort of on the run. You see, even my own mother. . . . But there's no use going into that. Our family's more or less on the rocks. Like a lot of families these days. I realize that it has left scars on me. Embittered me, in a way. But I couldn't help turning to Ethel, because . . . well, she seemed . . ."

She was looking at him again, with that thoughtful slow scrutiny. She drew in a quick breath, and rested a hand on his arm. "One thing I think I can understand is that you're a dear boy."

She left her hand there on his arm. It touched him with a friendly warmth, even as it revived that feeling of guilt.

But what of it? Who cared what he might do. Not Ethel.



"Well?" he asked hotly. "What do you think you are going to do about it? Are you just going to sit there?"

"I'm in a desperate mood, too," she murmured. "You saw that episode on the pier."

"Yes, I . . . I couldn't very well help."

"No. There you were . . . I've been very unhappy. I've been tortured. I've never found the right man. They've been devils. Even my husband. Most of all my husband."

"You . . . you're m-married?"

"Oh, yes. I was."

"And that man on the pier . . . was he?"

"No. That wasn't my husband." She shivered, and her hand tightened on his arm. "Odd that you and I should meet like this and start right in telling each other all about it. It's because we're in the same bitter mood, of course."

"Queer that you should be m-married," he mused.

"Oh, I don't know. Those things happen. It's life."

"YES," said he, feeling old and wise, "it's just that. Life." Then, rather fiercely, "I wish I'd met you a year ago. You could understand."

"It rather looks as if we'd missed something. I've been terribly lonely. But then, I suppose that's the fate of the artist. Of anybody with imagination. To be lonely. Aren't you?"

He nodded grimly. Then he said, "We're getting into Woods Hole. Drat it! There'll be a lot of people crowding up here."

She smiled in her musing way. "I can see that you don't altogether understand women. Take this Ethel you speak of. Are you sure you're in love with her?"

"She's managed to break my heart. Just about. Lately I simply haven't wanted to live. Funny . . . when you said that on the pier . . . that you'd jump overboard . . . a crazy thought popped into my head that for just about ten cents I'd take your hand and jump with you. . . . Queer, the way things strike you."

The slow unfathomable eyes studied him so intently that his own gaze shifted nervously off to the tireless gulls.

"That's because you're an artist," said she, gently. "We all feel like that at times, I suppose. Our kind."

"I'll bet a hat Charlie Demar doesn't," he burst out fiercely.

"Probably not." Then—"Why do you want this Ethel so much? Do you think you'd be happy with her?"

"I don't know. How can you tell about that?"

"You can't, of course. But I was thinking, if you're going to wait until she understands, as you say, you may find yourself waiting quite a while. Women aren't reasonable. They're not interested in reason. As a matter of fact, I don't think I like women."

"You're reasonable. See, I can talk with you!"

She moved her lovely head slowly in the negative. "You couldn't have, a few years back. But I've lived through some things. And I've been hurt. No, I can tell you . . . if you're sure you want your Ethel . . . I can tell you how to win her. If you really meant it, she could never resist you. No normal woman could." Soberly and thoughtfully she said that.

"But I do mean . . . have meant it!"

"Well, what a woman wants, in her heart, is to be captured. Run away with."

"Oh, that cave-man stuff!" He snorted that out.

"Certainly. Fundamental human nature hasn't changed."

"We might as well admit we're still animals and be done with it."

"I'm afraid," she mused, "that in a sense we still are. If you want Ethel, capture her. Knock her down and drag her to your cave. By the hair. She'd love it. If you don't, Charlie Demar or somebody else will. You'd probably find she'd never quite, as you put it, understand. You'd always be lonely. But you'd have your Ethel."

"I'd rather live alone all my life!"

"Well . . . I'm afraid you'll do that anyway."

"Humph!" he snorted. Then, more gently. "But I'm glad I've found you."

"After all," she murmured, "it's in these unexpected meetings, I suppose, that we approach beauty. The rest of it's just battle and escape, battle and escape." Her fingers gripped his tightly. That moving throb colored her voice. An odd little chuckle escaped her. "Anyway, I'm . . . glad I've found you."

She was getting up.

"You're not going?" said he.

"Yes. To my room. I'm pretty tired."

"But I thought I was going to draw you again."

"If you want to you can come in there . . . room number four, on the right-hand side. I simply can't bear the thought of a lot of people around."

They stood, alone; still hand in hand. His eyes widened. Color came.

"What is it?" she asked, gently.

"It's a lot to ask. . . . I was wondering . . . just once, just to know it could happen once . . . if you could possibly want to kiss me." Then he held his breath.

But the dark eyes were taking him in.

"Yes," she said. "I do want to."

GENTLY, starry-eyed, she disengaged herself and moved off down the stairs. And he stood staring wildly out at the gulls while his heart thumped in a new and dangerous ecstasy. He wanted to leap, to run, to shout. He clutched the rail with both hands and stared down at the water. . . .

He hadn't dreamed he'd ask for that kiss. The strange question just popped out of his mouth. She'd asked him to come to her room. He couldn't now, of course. But every nerve in his body was urging him there. It was fierce. He might go down and just see where

it was. Merely to pass the door and see the number on it . . . number four . . . would be thrilling.

He walked forward. On the starboard side. When he came up here he'd walked aft along the port side. There were boats in chocks and funnels on the top of the engine-room housing. Niches here and there with chairs in them.

He stopped abruptly, staring into one of those niches. A couple sat there. A dainty, pretty girl, and a man. Ethel! And Charlie Demar. His arm lay along the back of her chair. They were talking. Pretty intimate, that little scene. What on earth was she doing on this boat? Where had she been overnight? With Charlie somewhere? . . . Now they saw him. He couldn't escape.

"What on earth?" cried Ethel. "Why, Nathan! What are you doing here?"

"How are you, Nathan?" said Charlie Demar, in his careless way.

Ethel talked rapidly. "Aunt Ella's lying down. How nice that you're coming! Do you know where you're going to stay? We shall be at the Wilburs'. Charlie's stopping at the Ocean House."

"I thought you were going down yesterday," said Nathan. At least it sounded like his voice. Charlie hadn't moved his arm.

"We were. But the Boehlings asked us to stop over at Pohasset. Quite a house party there. No end of fun."

A house party! She hadn't even mentioned it to him. And twenty times—forty times—he'd begged her to marry him. He'd given her the bag of silver mesh that lay at this moment in her lap. He couldn't talk. He'd burst. Hit Charlie Demar right in the middle of his insolently handsome face.

"I don't know yet where I'll be." He got that out. Then with a "see you again," walked away to the forward stairs. As he turned, he thought he saw Ethel flash an odd, intimate glance at Charlie Demar. He didn't care what he might do now.

Ten times he passed the door with the figure four on it. He was going to knock. But people came and went along the corridor. A porter lounged near. The boy at the newsstand was looking. But what did he care? . . .

FOR the fifteenth time he found himself near it. Suddenly, with his heart in his throat, he tapped. That low voice called, "Come in." He entered quickly, and closed the door. She wasn't lying down on the settee, but had drawn a chair to the window and sat there gazing out, chin on hand. A moody, lovely person. A woman who'd known life. Who'd been hurt.

She turned her head. He didn't know what to say or do, now that he was in here. Fortunately, she seemed to take it quite as a matter of course. Smiled in her sad, stirring way. And said, "I couldn't read. Couldn't even lie down." And then—"Nice of you to come."

Suddenly he recalled that he'd meant to get a pad of drawing paper from his suitcase. That, really, was to have been his excuse. He went red. But you had to carry things off, somehow. So he dropped down on the couch, and remarked—"We'll be at Oak Bluffs before long. That high land over there is the Vineyard. Martha's Vineyard."

She turned her eyes in that direction. And he found himself talking rather fast: "After Oak Bluffs we put right out to sea. Two or three hours. We'll be out of sight of land, almost. It's interesting when we pass the lightship. The crew always throw a lot of newspapers and magazines at it. And the lightship men fish 'em out of the water with nets on the end of fishpoles. Pretty lonely life, you know. On a lightship. Yes, they're lonely, too, poor devils."

The door (Continued on page 39)



Illustrated by
Frank Godwin

Nathan looked up. The question was apparently directed at himself. He glanced at the girl and settled back as she whispered, "Don't go"



International Newsreel

A Part in the Show

This year the people march in the inaugural parade once more after the duller inaugurations of recent times. And there'll be emotion in the show again. Not the emotion that marked Roosevelt's inauguration in 1905 but enough to give you your money's worth

HERBERT HOOVER'S inauguration will not be one of those cold, drab, official affairs such as that from which President Coolidge advised people to stay away in 1924, nor will it be one of those gorgeous partisan riots and carnivals with which Presidents a score or more years ago were inducted into office.

Once more it is going to be the people's show, with a firm hand kept upon what the people do with it. Inauguration day used to be a free-for-all. Anybody paraded who wanted to and who had the price of a ticket to Washington and of a stay in the Capital at inflated inaugural prices. Then popular ebullition over the President was checked. Parading was practically all done by the regular military organizations of the United States. The regular army

man or navy man or marine is of a class apart, hardly human from the standpoint of the crowds on the sidewalk. His parading is in the line of duty. There is not any more emotion in it than there is in answering the bugle call for a review.

It's Going to be Different

This year there is going to be emotion in the inaugural show. The marching clubs, "civic organizations" as they are called in Washington, will be once more in line, made up of men like those who line the sidewalks, and thundering down Pennsylvania Avenue for the sheer joy of having their man in the White House.

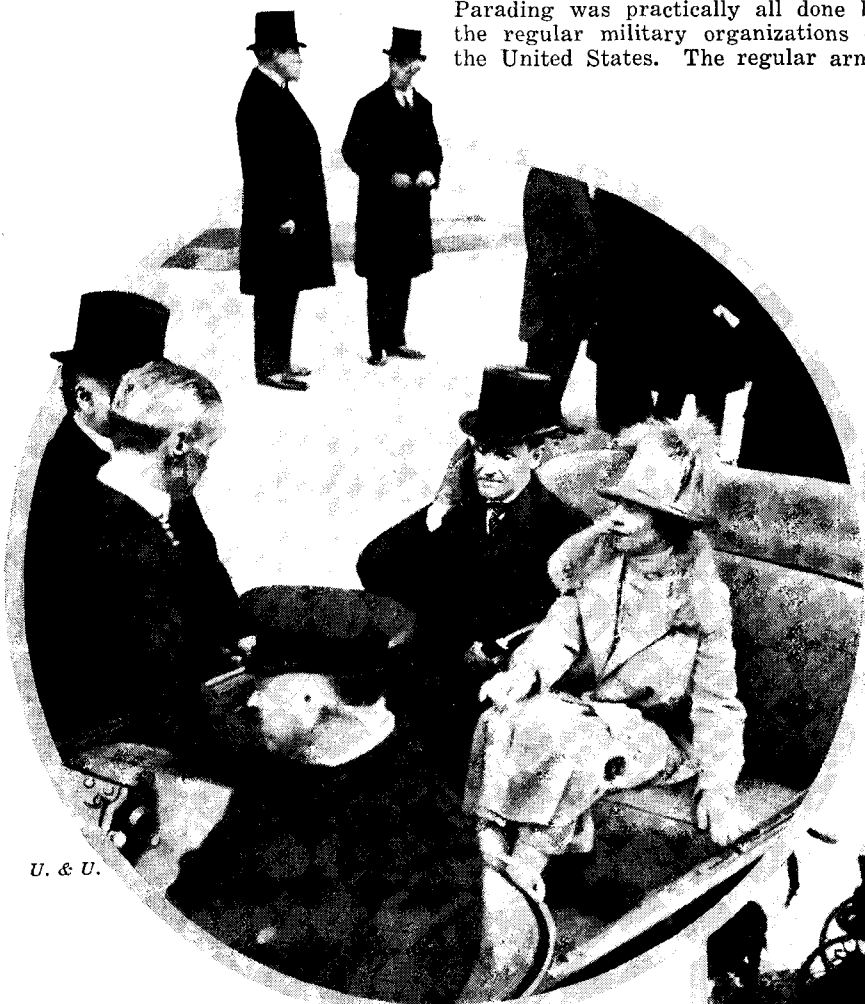
We go back toward the old-fashioned inaugural but not all the way, for the show is being carefully censored and restricted. Still the visitors to Washington will be to some extent participants in the fun of making a new President, instead of, as in the past few years, mere spectators at a somewhat mechanical show which that remote thing the federal government rather grudgingly put on for them.

When I made inquiries regarding inauguration-day plans I was besought not to write anything sensational about them, for Mr. Hoover is skittish about any departure from the simple and somewhat dour proceedings with which his predecessor was inducted into the Presidency. Still he seems to recognize that there is a popular as well as an official celebration. So there will be

governors in line with their escorts of militia, veterans of wars, including some survivors of the Civil War in automobiles, Indian tribes drawn to Washington by the honor done to big chief Charles Curtis in making him Vice President, marching clubs and probably some women's organizations.

There are several things which make Presidents timid about inauguration shows. One is the criticism of them as lavish and undemocratic. That hoary old fake about Jefferson's riding up to the Capitol on horseback and tying his horse to a hitching post, taking the oath of office and riding away again always hangs with depressing effect over inauguration-day plans. It has always been the fashion of the opposition to criticize the ceremonies of inauguration days as lavish and inappropriate to a popular government. Jefferson started it by deploring the regal pomp of Washington. When his turn came to go up on the hill to be sworn in he desired to do so as simply as possible. But he actually went there with an escort, and cannon boomed as he became the third President of the United States.

The hitching of the horse to a hitching post took place when Jefferson attended the inauguration of his successor, Madison. But retiring Presidents are about as unimportant at the inauguration of their successors as a bridegroom at a wedding ceremony. Some of them have even declined to be present at their own reduction to private life. Both the Adamses kept away from the induction of their successors



U. & U.

President Coolidge's inauguration was marked by extreme simplicity. Mrs. Coolidge is making a place for Senator Curtis. Mr. Mellon and Mr. Hughes are in the background

Of recent Presidents Mr. Taft had the worst inaugural weather. Snow and slush marred the day. Mr. Taft is shown mounting the Capitol steps with his predecessor, Roosevelt



Brown Bros.



U. & U.

By Clinton W. Gilbert

into office. The two Adamsses had huffy tempers and in their day the enormous respect for the office of President had not grown up which would today restrain the exhibition of private feelings.

Harding's Plans Go Awry

When Mr. Harding, as part of the return to normalcy, started to revive the old-fashioned inaugural on his accession in 1920, a vast uproar broke out in the Senate over the request for a \$50,000 appropriation for inaugural ceremonies. Senator Borah led the attack upon an elaborate show. It was said that inaugurations were always vulgar affairs in which visitors were always gouged by local landlords. A personal attack was threatened upon the friend of Mr. Harding who headed the local committee on the inauguration. So Mr. Harding regretfully abandoned an old-fashioned inaugural for what is known as a "simple, dignified ceremony." Therefore, any plans involving more than a brief parade of the regular forces are bound to be made with caution.

Another reason for caution is the profiteering habits of the Washington hotel and lodging-house keepers. These local hosts are not any worse than similar people the world over. They see in inauguration day their one great opportunity to make money. When inauguration comes round they form a local committee which presses for the biggest and best-advertised show that they can get the incoming President to approve.

Congress is niggardly about providing money to build stands for spectators of the inaugural parade. The uproar on the hill in 1920 against a \$50,000 appropriation was typical. The statesmen from everywhere stand virtuously in favor of the fake Jefferson precedent of the hitching post.

They provide money for building a stand on the east front of the Capitol, where the inaugural address is delivered. This is a small stand to accommodate only invited guests. The populace rests upon its sole leather in the open space between the Capitol and the Library of Congress. The guardians of simplicity and dignity in inaugurations also buy a few boards on which the President perches in front of the White House while he reviews the rejoicing thousands who march by in his honor. It makes moderate appropriation for other necessary expenses.

If the public is to watch the show in any comfort, stands must be built all along Pennsylvania Avenue from the Capitol to and in front of the White House. The local committee gives or raises this money. The local committee is made up of patriots, but they are not so patriotic as not to desire to get their money back, with a little interest, if possible. So it is Congress that is really responsible for the gouging about which

it exclaims virtuously. It is never in a position to say to the hotel keepers, the lodging-house keepers and the owners of windows commanding a view of the proceedings, "You shall charge so much and no more for your accommodations."

There is always after every inauguration an outcry about the profiteering of Washington. After the inauguration of 1909 the newspapers carried stories of cheap hotels charging \$10 per person in rooms that ordinarily rented for \$1.50 or \$2. One of the things that incensed President Harding in 1920 was



Wide World

President Harding rode to his inauguration beside the invalid Wilson. On the front seat are Philander C. Knox and "Uncle Joe" Cannon

the fact that one of his Marion, Ohio, friends had been asked a small fortune for a window from which he could witness the procession.

It is the fashion in Washington to speak of the demand for a real spectacle on inauguration day as being confined to "Washington Babbitts." But if there were not a legitimate desire on the part of the public to see the induction of a President into office the "Washington Babbitts" would not dig into their pockets to build stands and there would not be any chance to charge millionaires' prices for hotel rooms. It is the one day in four years when the people can have some fun out of their government, when they can see it as other than something that collects taxes from them, grabs their liquor, and closes their pleasant speakeasies. It is the people's day, which tends to be forgotten in Washington along with many other things about the folk back home.

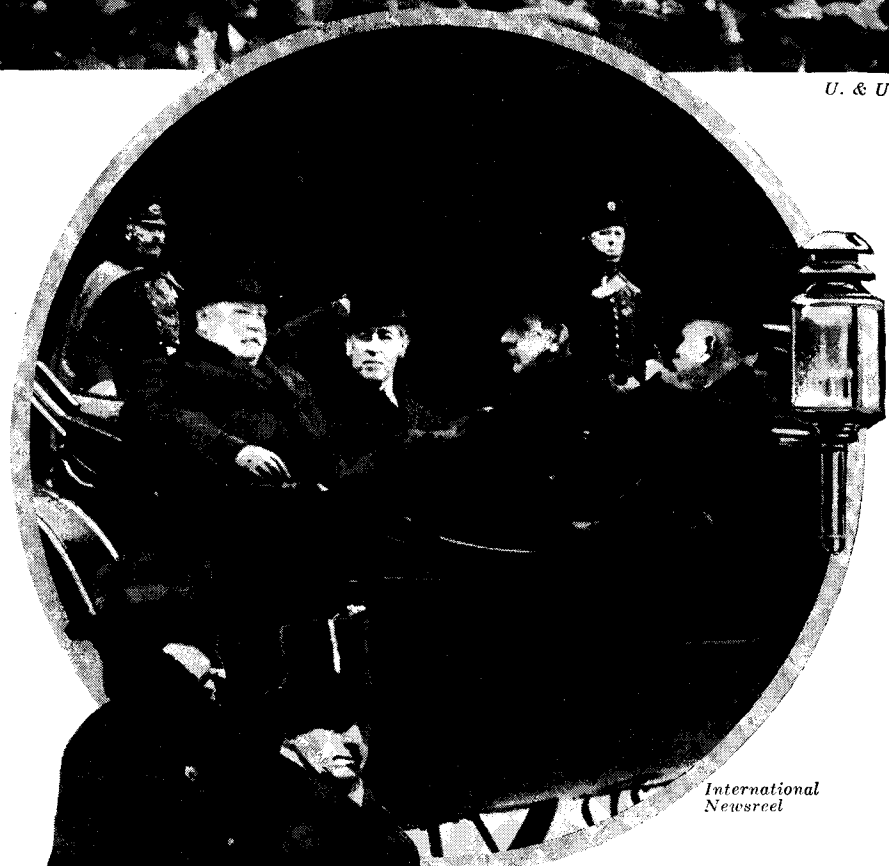
The government tends to exist for itself. The distance between it and the people widens. That is one reason why the old, uproarious and often rowdy partnership between it and the people on inauguration days has tended to dis-

solve. Still it is easy enough to see, if there is pretty sure to be a row about profiteering, why a new President proceeds cautiously about going back to the old jolly inauguration ceremonies, and why excessive advertising of this year's affair that will attract crowds is not desired.

They Proceed with Caution

Then, too, nobody knows what a present-day crowd may be. The last real inauguration show, with a popular hero coming into the Presidency, occurred in 1905 when Roosevelt was made President. Taft began cutting down the festivities. Wilson cut them still further. Harding held them down. And Coolidge pared them to the bone.

Since 1905 the population has become nomadic with the automobile. The old dismay of distances has disappeared. One hundred and fifty miles is a little after-dinner pleasure trip. It used to be something for which people planned a week in advance. Business men commute between New York and Florida in the winter. They fly across the continent. No one knows what crowds a



International Newsreel

Wilson rode to the Capitol with Taft beside him. Four years earlier Taft began cutting down the festivities. Wilson followed suit

well-advertised, big inauguration show might bring to Washington.

And even in the old days men slept on hay in the markets, in barbers' chairs in barber shops, or more pleasantly on the floors of saloons, when accommodations at inauguration times were hard to find or too expensive—and the hospitality of the saloon floor is no longer to be had. Naturally those preparing for an inauguration day proceed with caution.

And then there is the weather. Nothing makes a big inauguration crowd in Washington more unhappy than to pay high prices and run into a big snowstorm on March 4th, or a drenching rain, or a bitter drop in temperature. All of these things have often happened on previous inauguration days.

Colonel U. S. Grant 3d, who is in charge of the inauguration plans for Mr. Hoover, has it in mind that when his grandfather was inaugurated for the second time in 1873 the thermometer went down pretty nearly to zero. A new temporary building had been erected to house the inaugural ball. No provision had been made to heat it. The doves of peace that were to be released over the gay throng froze to their perches. The canaries that were to twitter sweetly in harmony with the dance music froze in their cages. The people who had paid for tickets to the grand ball wrapped themselves in their blankets or fortified themselves with liquor and kept away from the icy ballroom.

One President died as a result of exposure on (Continued on page 48)

Marriage for Two

By Arthur
Somers
Roche

Illustrated by
Joseph Simont

The Story Thus Far:

SHORTLY after an interview in which Helen Wilson tells Larry Tracy that she wishes to break their engagement so that she can marry the rich, middle-aged Frank Burton, and Larry swears, in pique, to marry the first girl who will have him, he rescues from a park bench a poverty-stricken and starved though beautiful girl, Joyce Carroll.

A few days later they are married, Larry because of his threat and Joyce out of gratitude to him. They agree that the marriage will be one in name only.

They sail for Biarritz where Joyce gains great popularity; where Billy Valdemagara, a Spanish friend of Larry's, falls in love with her; and where Larry himself falls in love with her despite evidence of her strange past. Ratty Rogan in New York had tried to tell him some story about her and at Biarritz she gives, without explaining her action, 40,000 francs to Miss Novel, a woman of the demimonde who is supporting Paul Weedon, who is murdered one evening after he has spread the story of finding in an embrace Larry and Helen, who has come to Biarritz to recapture Larry—and momentarily overwhelms him. The murderer is not found and the matter is dropped.

Burton threatens to ruin Larry financially if Joyce refuses to convince Helen that Larry is not for her. Joyce, giving no reason, compels Larry to tell Helen that he loves Joyce only. The Wilsons and Burton leave Biarritz.

Larry, it so happens, has just completed a transaction whereby he transfers to Joyce half of his fortune, entirely tied up in rubber stock of which Burton is in control. Joyce, giving no reason but still not trusting Burton, sells it all by cable. Larry, puzzled and angry, goes out of the house. Joyce wanders over to the Casino where she is suddenly confronted by Billy—and Miss Novel, who is threatening to expose Joyce. Billy bribes Miss Novel to keep still—forever. Then Joyce insists that Billy tell her what story Miss Novel wanted to expose and Billy finally tells her that Miss Novel stated that Joyce was mistress to some man in New York. Billy then all but tells Joyce he loves her—and shortly afterward confides in Jeanne Mazell, a good friend to all of them, and hopelessly states that he will never love any woman but Joyce. Jeanne decides that it is time the Tracys left Biarritz and decides to see what she can do about it.

XIII

BUT the kindly offices of Jeanne Mazell were not necessary. A letter came from America and, a couple of days after the bullfight, at which Joyce had not comported herself in a manner to win Spanish admiration, Larry entered his wife's bedroom. He had, of course, discreetly knocked, much to the concealed annoyance of the Basque maid. What a man, she remarked later to the butler, and the remark was not the first of disapproving wonderment. Faith, but these Americans were cold. . . . And perhaps not strangely so, but had not the chauffeur of the American Mr. Burton asked such frank questions, stating that his master would pay well for information? Man and wife? Brother and sister? Not even that. Cousins!

And if such marriages were not ordinary occurrences in that so strange land of America, why then should the chauffeur of Mr. Burton ask such disconcertingly intimate questions about the Tracys? Oh, well, why concern one's self about barbarians?

Joyce, quite unconscious of the maid's hidden disapproval, greeted Larry pleasantly.

"Having a bully time over here?" he asked.

"Why, yes," she replied.

"Hate to leave? I mean—we haven't seen so very much of Europe, and—"

"Why, anything you like," she interrupted. "What's wrong?"

He shrugged impatiently. "Nothing, really. Only—you've heard me speak of Aunt Martha?"

She had. A fat, irascible, extremely well-to-do widow was the picture Larry had created. A woman of swift impulses, hot rages, and generous repentance. She read the letter Larry handed her.

My dear nephew:

I think it's outrageous that any Tracy should so far forget himself as to marry secretly. If you can call a marriage that filled the tabloids for weeks a secret! But any escape from the Wilson cat was justifiable, I suppose. However, you owe it to your wife as well as to your family to make some sort of public appearance with your bride. The town is filled with gossip, none of

which is kept from me by my loving friends. Your wife was everything that she should not have been, if rumor is to be believed, which it emphatically is not.

I insist that you return from wherever you are—I'm sending this to your office—as soon as possible, that I may take your wife under my wing and introduce her properly. Unless—which Heaven forbid—she's the sort of woman who doesn't want to meet anyone or know anyone. There are certain conventions, Larry, which can be disregarded only by royalty or genius, and you belong to neither class, unfortunately. You will have children [Joyce winced at this] and the very worst possible thing that can be said about a child is that its mother was odd. Now, my dear rash young man, heed your devoted aunt and bring that young thing right along home. Love.

"Well?" said Joyce as she finished.

"I wouldn't take the note too seriously although Aunt Martha is a good old sport and I'm fond of her, but my office has been writing and cabling, too. After all, I am a lawyer and I have clients."

"Then let's catch the first boat," suggested Joyce.

His face, which had been clouded, lighted with relief.

"You mean it?"

"We can come abroad again, can't we?" she smiled.

"Whenever you like," he assured her. He made an elaborate pretense of nonchalance. "Of course, I've taken this place for the season. If you'd like to stay on—"

"Without you? Of course not," she said.

"I—was afraid that maybe—"

"Why did you take Resaurie for so long?" she asked. "You knew about your clients, didn't you? That they'd need you?"

He colored, then met her eyes bravely. "I—felt like letting the whole business go hang. But meeting Helen—finding that I didn't—must I go on? Joyce, it seems that everything I do or say comes back to one thing: I love you. When I didn't love you—or didn't know I did—I couldn't face my friends. Now that I do—"

"When do we sail?" she interrupted him.

"I've been telephoning Paris. I can get rooms on the Majestic next Thursday. This is Monday—"

"We'll make it," she assured him.

THEY did. The servants were paid off, dismissed, there was one exciting day in Paris, then the train to Cherbourg and the embarkation. Everyone, Larry said, was going east at this time of year, so no one was bound west. Joyce hid a smile as he looked up from an examination of the passenger list. Larry was no snob, but he was of a certain class and that class rarely recognized that other people had any existence whatsoever.

A famous inventor was aboard ship. A famous poet was a fellow-passenger. A distinguished surgeon, an actor-manager. . . . But "no one was sailing west." She began to look at her marriage in a light apart from emotional complications. Aunt Martha's letter



The dinner passed off triumphantly. Even the most austere melted for Joyce

came to remembrance. Could she play the part evidently mapped out for her? Could she be, possibly, the sort of wife that Aunt Martha's nephew should have married? Could she be a distinguished hostess, an ornament to that circle of which she knew so little but of which it was obvious that a Tracy should be a part?

But she had too much tact to intimate, even by a glance, that she found snobbery in Larry's attitude. It wasn't snobbery. It was ignorance.

So she agreed with him that it would probably be a dull voyage, and that it was just as well, because, after all, he could devote the next five days to the study of various important documents that his office had mailed to him.

As for herself, she had met too many people in her few years to want to meet them for the sake of meeting them. She was well content to stroll the promenade deck for an hour a day, lunch and dine *à deux* in the restaurant on the upper deck, and spend twelve hours of the twenty-four in bed.

IT WAS a dull trip, but she enjoyed it.

Larry, if one got him away from the matter of his affections for herself, could chat entertainingly, and they recovered, in great measure, that early intimacy, although Joyce knew that it could never be as it had been on their outward voyage, when love had not entered into the relations between them, and both were anxious to make a bizarre adventure become tolerable.

Aunt Martha, apprised by cable of their arrival, met them at the pier. She was robust, dictatorial, a veritable gladiator.

"No use arguing with these customs men," she loudly declared. "Larry, you look after Joyce's things, and come to the house when you can. I'm taking Joyce home."

She did. With a wave of her muscular right arm she bowled over a newspaper man and upset a camera.

"Vulgar prying curiosity," she declared. "I suppose your marriage will all be raked up again—my dear, why on earth did you do it?"

They had escaped the reporters now and were in a taxi.

"You mean—marry Larry?" asked Joyce.

Mrs. Martha Walton inhaled luxuriously the smoke of a cigarette.

"What else could I mean, my child? And how did Larry ever get up enough steam to carry off a girl like you? Or did you carry him off! No, Larry's not the kind that a woman would go out of her mind about—"

"Why wouldn't she?" demanded Joyce tartly.

Mrs. Walton looked at her. She took Joyce's hand in her own two large palms and squeezed it.

"That's all right, my child. I simply wanted to know if you cared for Larry. Now that I know—"

Despite herself Joyce burst into laughter. Aunt Martha pecked her on the cheek.

"There, my dear. Not given to sentiment, but—wanted to know about you. So much talk, you know."

"What sort of talk?" inquired Joyce.

"Unpleasant. Talk always is. Don't

bother to say nice things. No fun in saying them. Yes, they say you were Dargon's mistress and—oh, all sorts of things. Don't believe a word of it. But what I want to know is, how did Larry run across you and how did you snare him from that Wilson cat?"

Larry's kin were entitled to know the truth. At least, kindly old Aunt Martha was, and so Joyce told her everything.

The tale was only half told when they arrived at the house on West Thirty-eighth Street. Hogan, grinning with joy, admitted them. Yes, his niece was still here, and only too anxious to serve her mistress. Luncheon would be ready at once. . . .

"How can I eat?" whispered Aunt Martha. "You mean to say, my child, that you were hungry?"

"Starving," said Joyce calmly. But she looked about the dainty table where Hogan hovered, and it seemed to her that she was reciting some memorized lesson. Could it be that she, Mrs. Lawrence Tracy, had been at her wits' end only—how long ago was it? Years, centuries?

"You poor dear," cried Mrs. Walton. Then luncheon, and afterward the continuation of the tale.

"I didn't think Larry had it in him. You know, my child, he is a bit of a stick."

"He is nothing of the sort," Joyce defended him.

"Well, I mean—he never was expelled from college—never gave his parents or guardians a bit of trouble—and to think—that cat, that Helen Wilson, did you know that she arrived yesterday?"

Joyce shook her head. "Came on the Paris. Frank Burton, also. Impudent hussy. Came right to Biarritz, eh? Well, what happened there?"

But Joyce became vague from now on. She would not tell Aunt Martha of Larry's momentary defection. But Aunt Martha found great interest in the murder of Paul Weedon.

"Good family, too," she commented. "Knew his grandmother. Well, blood will tell, only you never can be sure what it will tell, can you? And this Billy Valdemagara—I want to know all about him. Was he in love with you?"

"Of course not," exclaimed Joyce.

"Then he was," said Mrs. Walton.

"How did Larry like that?"

"I tell you he wasn't," insisted Joyce,

"so naturally Larry—"

"And how long have you been in love with my nephew?"

"Now," said Joyce, "let's talk about you."

Aunt Martha smiled, and launched into an outline of the plans she had tentatively made for the introduction of Joyce into the circles in which she belonged. Larry's arrival interrupted this. He responded half-heartedly to Hogan's greetings.

"Customs too much for you?" asked his aunt.

He shook his head. He held up an afternoon paper.

"Rubber's down fifteen points," he said.

"Well, what of it?" asked his aunt.

"It will come back, won't it?"

He shrugged. "I don't like it. The dividend was passed this morning. Meeting of the board. New officers elected. Frank Burton made chairman. Statement issued to press. Pessimistic. Oversupply. Retrenchment. If I get no dividends—" He turned to Joyce. "Lucky you sold."

"Sold what?" asked Aunt Martha.

"Larry gave me, oh, millions in stock and bonds of American and International Rubber Consolidated," Joyce told her. "I—I had a feeling—well, I sold it all by cable."

"A feeling?" Aunt Martha emphasized the words.

JOYCE nodded. The elderly woman turned to her nephew.

"Frank Burton, eh? Engaged to Helen Wilson. I don't like it, Larry."

"Neither do I," he said.

"Still, when you own a stock outright—"

"If you own a stock outright," amended Larry.

"What do you mean?" his aunt demanded.

He shrugged. "I—well, I thought that if Joyce foolishly got rid of her Rubber—well, I felt certain it would go up. So—I called instructions to margin fifty thousand shares and put up my own stock as collateral—but Burton's a sound business man. He'll see to it that the company's stock doesn't drop too far."

"You're sure of that?" asked his aunt.

"Why would he want to depress the stock?" demanded her nephew.

His words were simple enough, but in his voice was apprehension.

"Did you see him when you were abroad? In Biarritz?"

"Of course," replied Larry. "Helen too. Why?"

HIS aunt shrugged. "I don't know. Not important. Now—when will you children dine with me? Tomorrow night?"

Larry looked at Joyce. She spoke. "We'd love it," she said.

"Then it's settled. I thought you would, and I've invited a dozen people. Well, it's good to see my nephew and even better to see his wife."

She kissed Joyce enthusiastically and departed.

"She told me some of the talk that's been going on," said Joyce.

"What sort of talk?" Larry asked.

"They've given a name to the—the man that's reported to—have kept me," said Joyce. "Dargon, the theatrical manager."

"Well?" said Larry.

"It—makes it hard—I thought you'd want to know."

"I would—if you had any idea that Dargon is responsible for the story. I—I'd make him eat his words."

"I don't think he is," said Joyce. "But—even so—you'd not want scandal or—Larry, I paid that Novel woman because I didn't want your—pride—hurt. But—stories like that—now that we're back in New York—they can't be stopped."

"What's the basis for them?" he asked.

Her cheeks whitened.

"You—dare—to ask me that?"

"If I believed there was any basis I'd not say anything, Joyce. I want to know how such a tale got started. I want to fix responsibility."

"And I don't want it fixed. It doesn't matter. But—I went to Dargon's country place. He wanted to read me a play. I was to have a leading rôle. Imagine! An unknown actress to play the lead. But—I didn't know any better. I thought such things happened. And—well, Dargon didn't want to read me a play. He wanted me to play a part in real life. So I came home. That's all."

"And Dargon talked? Boasted about what he hadn't achieved?"

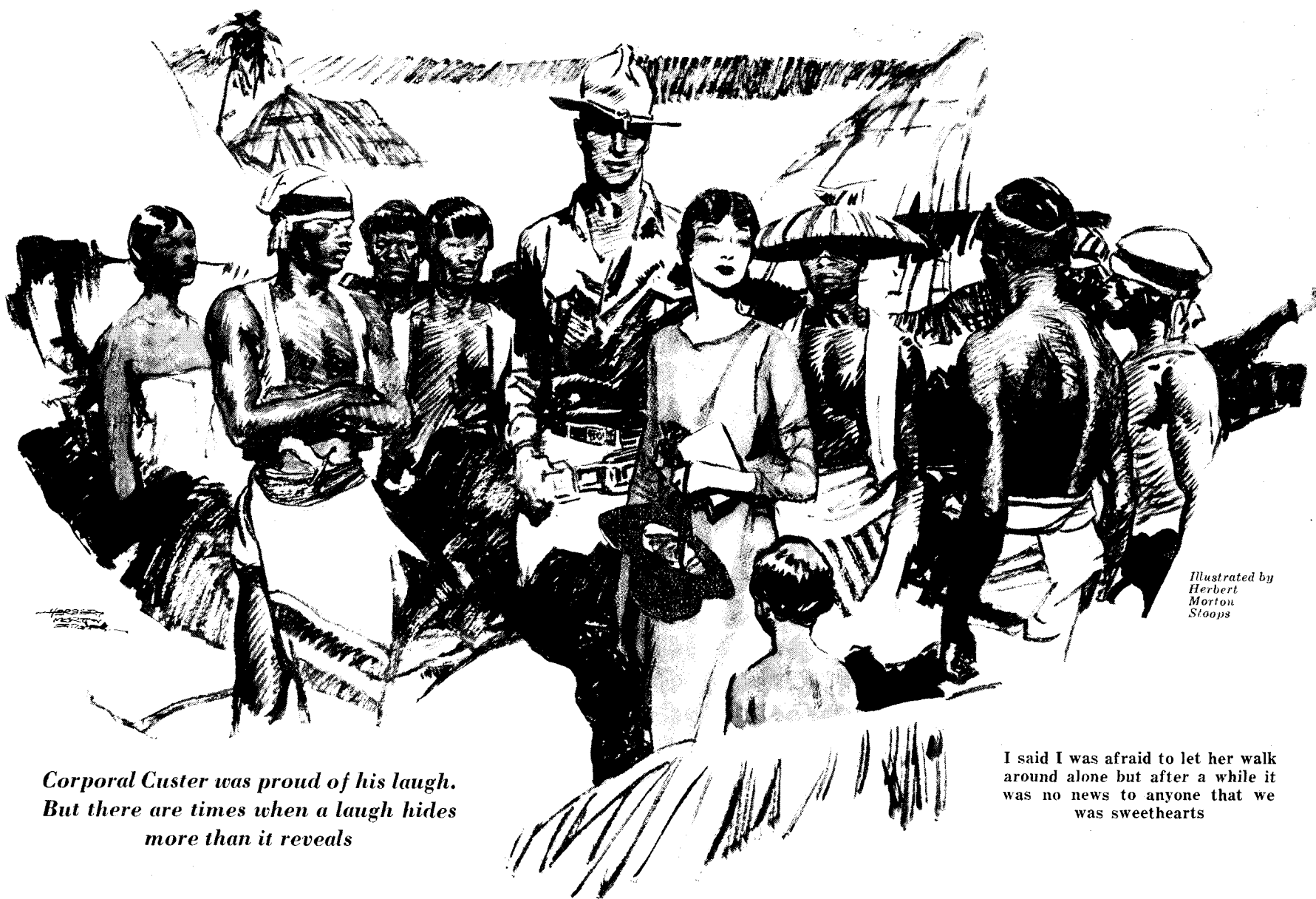
Joyce shook her head. "I don't think he's quite that low. But—I lived in a tenement on West Fifty-eighth Street. A man there—a sort of hanger-on about the theater. Named Rogan. He—had been stage doorman, office boy—handy man—all sorts of things for Dargon. It was he who got me the introduction to Dargon. And he—he thought that, of course, Dargon had succeeded, and—well, he brought other men—himself—I fled from the place—must I go on?"

He shook his head. "I don't want to hear anything of it. I—don't need to tell you, Joyce, that I know you and—if I could just punch Dargon's head?"

(Cont'd on page 42)



"Burton's a sound business man. He'll see to it that the stock does not drop too far." Larry's words were simple but in his voice was apprehension



Illustrated by
Herbert
Morton
Sloops

*Corporal Custer was proud of his laugh.
But there are times when a laugh hides
more than it reveals*

*I said I was afraid to let her walk
around alone but after a while it
was no news to anyone that we
was sweethearts*

RELIEF ▼ ▼ By W.B. Courtney

"CLOSE that window!" But I was too slow for him. With an oath Custer leaped up, brushed me aside, and slammed the sash down so violently that the glass sang. A child unlatching for the first time a grotesque and fearsome jack-in-the-box could not be more startled than I was by Custer's curious paroxysm—half fright, half rage.

The agony of unexpected remembrance was in his eyes as, trembling and tense, he faced me.

"I can't stand that smell! Excuse me, sir, for blowin' off like this, but I can't stand that smell, I tell you—even now! Hot dust, stinkin' sweet from the rain, just like in the jungle."

Subsiding, he spread a big hand over his nose, glared at me through the fingers, and said oddly: "Dead flowers'd smell that way, I reckon, if they was thrown out with cook tent slop."

Then, suddenly, Custer laughed. That marvel of a laugh for which he was famous in the army, especially among old-timers. I had seen a whole regiment, from colonel to rear rank buck, infected by it; but this was my first close-at-ear experience with it. Twilight and rain of semi-tropic Texas outdoors, unlighted quiet within, lent a betraying clearness. I analyzed it as a boyish laugh, yet not the laugh of a man whose spirits had remained youthful. Not that—something more. Something that had been choked and stunted, and had never grown up; something intangible, like echoes imprisoned in an ancient tomb.

I was glad that he had closed the

window. It was growing chilly, as well as dark. The phantom laugh moldered in the barren orderly room.

"I'll bet you think I'm a nut, Lieutenant!" Custer's eyes burned with a weirdly embarrassed grin, which overflowed into a Benda laugh—unoral—that made a mocking mask of his sun-bitten skin, fried to a leathery grizzle by years in the tropics. For all his iron-gray handsomeness, Custer in that moment looked like a Buddhist billiken.

"She was the one," he declared with apparent irrelevance, "who would never admit that I was nutty. She used to smack me right smart over the knuckles with that funny little schoolmarm pointer of hers, and smile that funny little stuck-up smile, and say that I was un—in—incorrigible."

Sound swelled into the hollow mask. Once more the room strummed to that never-grown-up laugh. The wooden walls pressed in like a sepulcher.

"Yep," he continued presently, "and what's more she was the only one in them days who would never admit that I was tough, too!"

I STOPPED Custer then and there—and enjoyed a little laugh of my own at the incredibility of any such fragment of his autobiography. In all my days I had never met a man of sweeter nature, yet more admirable and forceful character, than this bachelor regimental sergeant-major. From Fort Bliss to Fort Ethan Allen, from Alaska to the Canal Zone, around the belly of the earth and up and down its ribs, wherever American soldiers drilled or

drank or devilled, Custer was known as the one and only soft-boiled top sergeant in captivity.

Custer a hard guy!—now or ever? He, the confidant of officers from the General Staff War College to the remotest company orderly rooms, the kindly friend of army women, the playmate and favorite yarn-spinner of garrison kids; idol of the boys and hero of the girls! The lusty two-fisted instructor and military model of the men, who obeyed him because they respected him!

I remembered that it was Custer who played Santa Claus at the Post Christmas hops and parties. "You a hard guy! What a joke!"

"It was a joke," he said, gravely breaking the patient and amused silence in which he had borne my scoffing. "All a joke! But how was I to know it? I thought I was tough, didn't I? And thinkin' a thing is so comes close to makin' it so. Everybody else agreed with me that I was one hard hombre, too—except she."

"Son," he grinned moodily, "your book learnin' is as complete as Congress and West Point can make it, but I'll bet you can't answer me one simple thing. You see, I know how teachers ask questions. I used to watch her learnin' the brown brats."

"Now I'll play teacher. You tell me who was the greatest American wise-cracker, the funniest American writer?"

Not for nothing had I been hearing things about "Cuckoo" Custer. Whispered things—friendly, pitying. I humored him:

"Mark Twain, you mean, perhaps?"

"No, I don't, not by a darn sight! Not Mark Twain or Bud Fisher. Not none of those guys. But—now get this, son!—General Sherman was! General William Tecumseh Sherman. And the funniest thing that hombre ever wrote was that war is hell!"

He laughed interminably. Presently, reduced to chuckles, he went on in a slightly babbling way:

"He knew! War and fightin' and killin' are the greatest little jokesters ever, and I can prove it. I can prove that war is the funniest thing in this here bughouse world. Listen!"

CUSTER settled to talk now, so utterly oblivious of my presence that I felt profanely like an eavesdropper at the autopsy of a human soul. A queer mirth was forcing his flow of words; and there was in his manner that overtone of clumsy tenderness, sheepish and shy, which is a latent quality of your true soldier of fortune.

"Believe me, son, there was a lot of real hard guys in this man's army in them old days. Many's the judge who used to give a man the choice of a hitch in the army or navy or a term in the pen. Nine out of ten grew weak and took the navy or jail. Patriotism wasn't no password with army recruiting sergeants then. No B. V. D. sissies sittin' on a doggone dead Border and writin' letters home to Mama on Y. M. C. A. paper like now. If there wasn't no fightin' we'd aim to start some."

"I was so young and giddy that I'd rather of heard some old-timer growl,

'That Custer, there, is one tough customer,' than get a blouseful of congressional tinware. In my first hitch I socked my way up to a corporal's chevrons. Promotions wasn't for deportment themadays, but for damages!

"And I was a knockout with the girls. No kiddin'. You, son, ain't never seen none of them kind of girls what used to make suckers outen the army bucks, come pay day. The kind what would cry their eyes out in a barroom when some keyplugger would play Just Break the News to Mother, and the next minute would slice some guy's jugular with a broken beer bottle. The kind of girls what loved you for the hair on your chest, not on your head.

"YOU see, I was a heart-wrecker because, on top of hard words and hard fists, I had good looks. Yep, honest! I knew I was good-lookin' because my old man was a actor who done wrong by my mother because she was the prettiest girl in the Iowa town where he was troupin', and then dusted off and left her when I was five. I kin remember how my mother held me tight that day, an' how I kept kissin' her and sniffin'. That was one day I didn't laugh!

"Oh, that reminds me, I had about forgotten to explain to you that the main shine about me was my sense of humor. No kiddin', I had a swell sense of humor. My poor mother hankered to hear me laugh a lot, but she died. Some of my father's kin took me in as a great favor. Every time I'd ask for a second hunk of pie, or something like that, they'd remind me that I was just like my mother. As if I ought to be ashamed of that! So after a while I got sick of bein' beat every time I laughed out loud, an' I lit out on my own.

"Well, anyhow, my laugh used to go big with the girls in every barroom from Corbett's in Frisco to Assassin Anthony's in Singapore. They used to tell me funny things just to get a chance to hear me laugh. 'Laugh, Jimmy,' they'd say, 'throw back your coco and laugh!'

"But I could sock as well and as quick as I could smile, and dollars to pesos I'd bust a chair over somebody's jaw before I'd laugh, just to have something real funny to laugh about.

"Seein' as how things had been and was, it ain't strange that I thought I was tough. I had run away, you see, when I was just past ten, and had tasted flyin' fur all over this old mudball, from windjammer fo'c's'les around the Horn to Billy Watson revolutions in Central America. I jumped ship, finally, from a limey tramp and took on in the regular cavalry for the Spanish War. The regular cavalry, mind you, and not the Saturday-afternoon kind what got their pictures in the New York Journal as heroes but had to be driven ashore with tiller handles in Cuba.

"Afterward I went to the Islands for the insurrection, as it was so called. Insurrection, rats! *Resurrection* was the only hope of them poor Filipino hombres once the Americans got their Gatlings unlimbered, and started pumpin' at Moro and Igorot and Ifuago villages. We was worse poison to Luzon and them places than the boll weevils is to cotton fields. Personally, without meanin' no alibis, I aimed to

confine my killin's to able-bodied fightin' hombres, because when it came to women I'd think of my poor Ma.

"As you know, sir, all wars run about the same box scores—six simps wounded for every one who is took care of by a burial detail. In the Islands it was just reverse English. When a Filipino was only wounded it was a oversight.

"Them was the goin's-on the President spouted proclamations of Thanks-givin' over, and caused prayers to be prayed in churches and the like! Because of our 'glorious victories' in the Islands, where a lot of poor, ignorant women and children was killed.

"Bein' called 'heroes' don't work no snaffle on such youngsters, and after I had seen a lot of such doin's I began to feel sure that I was awful tough. But she didn't!

"She—she—well, sir, you know I can talk out loud about her now. I couldn't for a long while. But now I kind of get relief outen it. I kind of think that if I don't talk out loud about her now, but only mumble and laugh to myself, I'll lose something of it—something of her. I might even lose my sense of humor. Goshalmighty! I might even forget it was all such a joke!

"My laugh seemed to have a different effect on her than on any other girl I'd ever stacked up against. You know, I could laugh my head off any time about anything. I've always been that way. And that's why she said that I really wasn't as tough as I tried to make out. She used to say that the toughness was a pose—get that one, son, a pose.

"She used to laugh right back in my

teeth and say that my laugh was my real self, and that toughness, like beauty, was only skin-deep. Of course I came right back at her and laughed harder than anything at that crack, because it proved her wrong by her own words. For if her kind of beauty was only skin-deep—then I ain't never heard a good joke in my life!

"THE only time I ever broke off a laugh in the middle was the first time I seen her. That was up-jungle on Mindanao, about a hundred miles in from the coast on the Davao River, at a little native village about where the Moros left off and the wild men began. The hombres there was a mix'in' of the two, with the bad qualities of both. The village was a small, smelly place. Just a few nipa shacks. It was as far as we had pushed moppin' up those bandy-legged little brown devils who could swing bolos like the nigger barbers in El Paso swing razors, only with more permanent effects. No matter how good the barber is, you need a scrape again the next day. But when one of them Moros lathered your gizzard, your enlistment was over.

"Anyhow, son, she was a school-marm from the States. Awful young and awful thin. I wish you could of seen her then. You know, in the Islands, Uncle Sam's books was only one march behind his bullets. But Lord only knows why and how such as she came to that God-forsaken place.

"I was laughin' for the amusement of a little native kid. For even the Filipinos had got wise to my laugh, and

the kids used to ask me to laugh for them. Heck, I couldn't understand their lingo—but I didn't need to, because them brown brats just used to stand in front of me and throw back their heads and hold their bare little pot bellies and imitate me laughin'. And I was sap enough to humor them, like a big clown, and laugh for them. Can you imagine it?

"Well, there I was laughin' when all of a sudden I heard someone say, 'Isn't he a dear?' in the best little-red-school-house American. Say, I hadn't heard a American girl's voice in ever so long—and a voice like that never! I was laughin' so hard at the time my head was back and my trap was open a mile, but when I heard that voice and seen that dream out of the corner of my eye, my head came front with a snap, and my laugh died off—though my trap stayed open like it was. It seemed I got paralyzed in the jaw. It was like somebody had shoved one of them there big Japanese chry—chrysanthemums in my mouth, if you know what I mean.

"Well, sir, after a while I got my wits to fall in, and then I tried to act as intelligent and gentlemanly as any cocky young American corporal should under circumstances what ain't provided for in the Army Regulations. But I was all fussed up to beat the devil, because that little Filipino beggar didn't have no clothes on his greasy little carcass. Not a stitch!

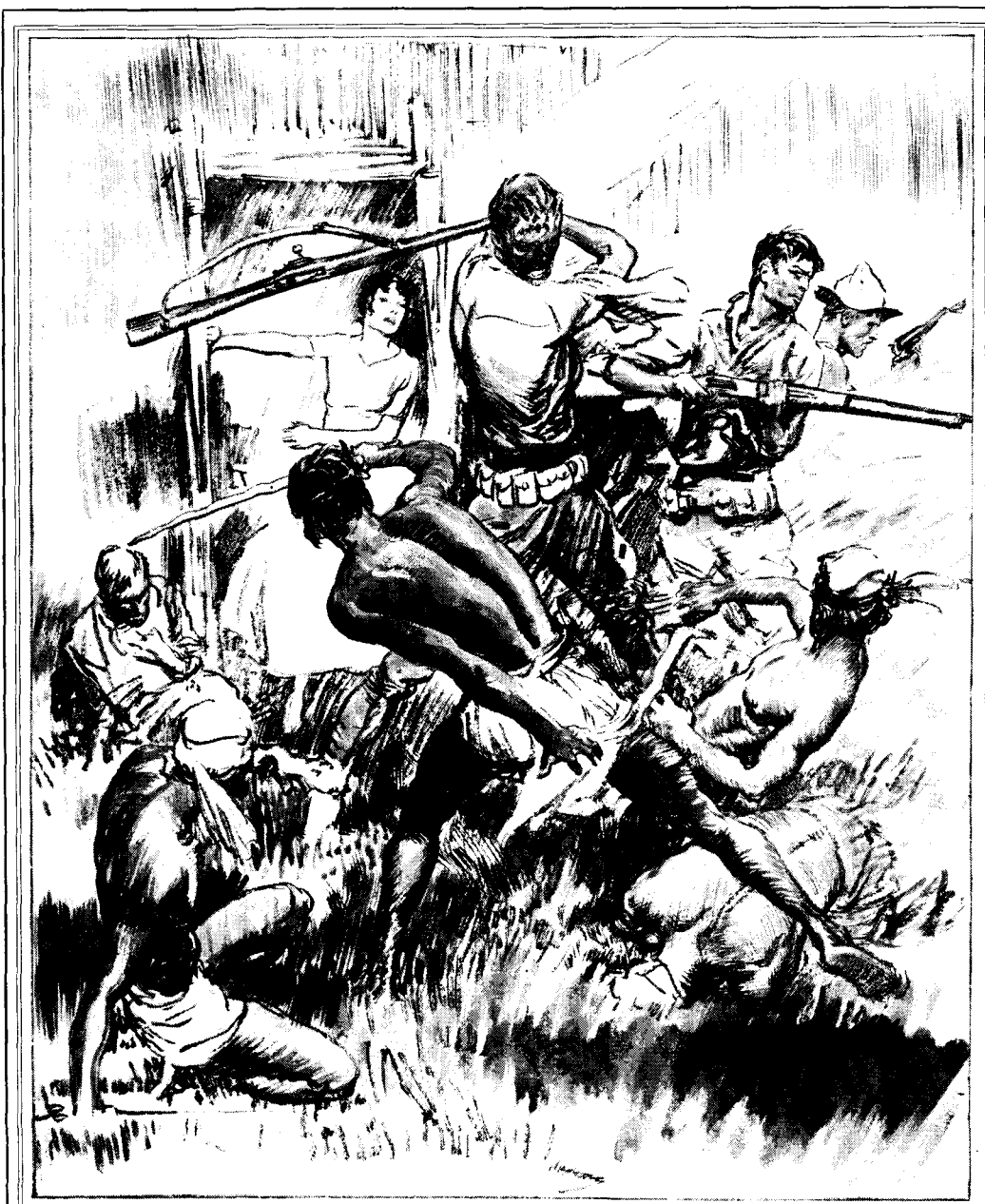
"And that nice girl just a-standin' there lookin' right at him as matter of fact as could be, and not even blushin'.

"I'd seen some good-lookin' girls in my life, believe me, but never one like her. Never! Either in looks or in anything. She was all white. Misty like. And she had some flowers that she'd picked on the river bank. She gave 'em to the kid, and nudged the dumb brat until he handed one to me. He wasn't cute, but she made him cute.

"Now, if she had been one of the kind of girls I'd known in barrooms from New Orleans to Zamboanga it would of been clear to me why she didn't think nothin' of that brown brat bein' naked. Them girls would of made some dirty wise-crack about the kid's bein' without no pants on. But this was the first time I had ever bumped up against the fact—it came to me kind of inside, like a flash—that women don't have no shame about such things for two reasons: either because they know too much, or because they don't know nothin' at all. I mean, because they're innocent. She was that kind.

"THINGS were awfully nice for me around there from that time on. She and me got to be real pals. You see, the situation was kind of peculiar. This village, as I said, was a outpost. K Troop of the 24th Cavalry was at a big village ten miles down the river. We belonged to that outfit, and we was about to continue knockin' spots out of the spiggoties when news came about Aguinaldo havin' been corralled. Believe me, son, the news of Aguinaldo's capture had went through them jungles and over them Islands quicker'n raw jokes go around a New England sewing circle. So the Moros was all for layin' down and playin' kiss the pillow—at least, while we were lookin'!

(Continued on page 45)



We just clubbed our rifles and me and two others managed to slug our way back to the blockhouse

Wings of Destiny

By George Weston

The Story Thus Far:

MILLARD DELAVAN, an orphan, the son of a once famous actor who was supposed to have committed suicide because of a love affair with a Mrs. Van Deusen, is dismissed from the United States air force on the charge of striking a superior officer and of cheating at cards.

Major Henrichs, thinking the charge absurd, befriends the boy and introduces him to his brother, Judge Henrichs, who is scheduled to be sent to Switzerland as head of the United States Intelligence there. The Judge offers Mill the job of preceding him abroad and doing some advance work for him entirely on Mill's own responsibility, however.

Mill meets, at Judge Henrichs' home, Joyce Van Deusen, the attractive niece of the aforementioned Mrs. Van Deusen, and Baroness Mitzi von Seidler, a German agent, who is also sailing for Europe.

Mill, because of his excellent German, succeeds in getting an appointment in the German Intelligence service and sees a good deal of Mitzi. In order to gain the confidence of his Chief, he performs several jobs of trust for the Germans and is finally rewarded by being given a vacation in Paris from his headquarters, Charleville.

In Paris he reports to M. Goya and sees a good deal of Mitzi and discovers that Joyce is in town with the Red Cross.

Mill is supposed to dine each evening at the Lanterne, where M. Goya can get hold of him, and one evening he is summoned to M. Goya's office, where he finds that he and Mitzi are scheduled to kill the British Prime Minister. There is an altercation over this plan, principally because Mitzi, with whom Goya is in love, claims to be engaged to Mill, and a fencing fight ensues. Goya is killed. Mitzi secures the signatures of two men present as witnesses to send a report to headquarters.

VIII

"IF THIS is a holiday," reflected Delavan the next morning, his thoughts upon the lifeless body which he had left on the top floor of No. 37 the night before, "I wonder what's going to happen when I return to work."

He had finished his breakfast—chocolate and crescents again beneath the awning of the Café de la Paix—and beckoning a waiter, he sent him to the kiosk on the corner for the latest edition of Le Matin.

The greater part of the paper was filled with news—and near-news—of the war: the official communiqué with various paraphrases, a map showing the new German thrust at Amiens, a paragraph or two dealing with the atrocities of the enemy, and the heroism of the poilus, but the story which interested Dell the most was not of the war.

It was headed "Moonlight Duel in Bois?" and it told of a body which had been found at dawn in a famous old dueling ground known as La Source—the body of a man with a sword clamped in his hand.

"The deceased," continued the story, "was discovered to be Alfonso Goya, head of a mailing bureau at 37 rue de Barbonne.

"M. Goya was of Spanish birth, and at the address above given it was stated that on a number of occasions he had openly sympathized with the enemy cause.

"It is thought likely that he expressed these views upon one occasion too many, and that a duel resulted—this all the more likely because Goya was a fencer of considerable note."

"Talk about system!" thought Delavan. Probably the two men who had seen the duel had walked Goya's body out between them and had taken him to

the Bois in one of their own taxis. And then—the sword clamped in his hand, the report that he had openly sympathized with the enemy cause. . . .

"A good thing for me that he lost his head and started swinging," Dell continued, "or I might have been the one who was found in the Bois at dawn. . . ."

Reflecting, however unconsciously, upon the uncertainty of life, he followed a procedure which is probably as old as the human race.

"I'll drop in and say hello to Joyce—and see if she can have lunch with me," he added, searching his mind for an excuse. "The worst they can do is to throw me out."

But the girl with the clear inquiring eyes didn't throw him out. Instead she arose and smilingly approached the counter which separated the information office from the public.

"You are looking for Miss Van Deusen again?" she asked, almost with a note of regret in her voice.

"Yes," said Dell. "I hope she isn't too busy?"

"I'm afraid she is," said the girl with the clear eyes. "She's at Versailles today—in charge of a group of convalescents. Anything I can do for you?"

"You can tell me the quickest way to get to Versailles," suggested Dell, smiling.

HE FOUND Joyce in the Grand Apartments of the Queen. She had a dozen doughboys with her—two on crutches and one with the sleeve of his

coat fastened to his shoulder with a safety pin—these three, if anything, the liveliest of the lot.

Two of the boys had cameras; and when Delavan found them, they were having an argument with a heavily mustached attendant who was trying to make them understand, in the most broken of English, that they must return to the entrance and check their cameras there.

"Oh, Mill; you good fairy!" exclaimed Joyce, her eyes shining. "You're in time to stop a riot. What does this man want?"

"I think he's trying to tell us where the cellar is," said a buck private whose face still showed the marks of stitches.

"Maybe they got some vin rooje down there," said the one on crutches, eagerly tapping forward.

"No," said Dell, "he's trying to tell you that your cameras are against the rules. He wants you to check them downstairs."

"Check 'em nothing!" said the boy with the safety pin. "Butch is going to take my picture in King Looey's bed. We got some flash-powder an' everything."

"I'll tell him," said Delavan gravely.

Instead he led the attendant aside, and gave him a dollar. "They are good boys—and far from home," he said. "My compliments to you, M'sieur!"

"M'sieur! M'sieur! Merci, M'sieur! But tell them, please, to be careful."

"What did you slip him?" asked one of the good boys as the attendant disappeared, twisting his martial mustache with both hands.



"You darling child," Mitzi beamed. "You must give me your address, and I'll phone you in the morning"

O.F. Schmidt

"A few kind words and a dollar," said Dell.

"Say," said another. "You got a Johnny's uniform; but you speak like a human being. How come?"

"I had to adopt this one," said Delavan, looking down at his Sam Browne, "because, over home—well, I didn't come up to specifications."

"I had a brother who was turned down by the doctors, too," said the boy with the safety pin; and forgetting royal beds for the moment, he added in a voice that was tinged with wistfulness, "I wish to God they had turned me down, as well."

Some of the others had just heard of the private dining-room of King Louis XIV a few doors away; and in the general drive to be the first one to slip under the cord and sit at the table Dell and Joyce were left together.

"How did you happen to find us?" she asked. "Was it an accident?"

"With a little prearrangement," he nodded. "I went to headquarters and they said you were here, Cook's-touring a crowd of convalescents. So I came to see if I could help."

A HINT of tears appeared in her eyes—tears, however, which made her glance brighter as she continued to look at him.

"Mill, you do the most wonderful things," she told him in a low voice. "What you said about joining the English army—and then being willing to spend part of your furlough with these poor lambs. . . . You make me feel—oh, I don't know—as if I hadn't earned the right to be your friend. I know if I were a man, and had been dismissed from the army when I didn't deserve it, I'd feel mean and revengeful."

"How do you know I don't feel that way?" asked Delavan.

"Because you don't act it. You wouldn't have joined the English—"

They were interrupted by a tumult of the lambs in the next room. Butch had taken possession of the throne and the others had hold of his legs and were pulling him out of it. As a picture, Joyce said later, it might have been entitled "Making the World Safe for

Illustrated by
O. F. Schmidt

Democracy," but as a disturbance of the peace at Versailles it cost Delavan another dollar. The news of these tips was spreading. Watchful attendants in uniform began to hover in the distance, as though ready to hurry forward at the least provocation and be placated by the tall young officer in the English uniform.

"What are you going to do with this crowd for lunch?" asked Dell. And hearing that they had brought boxes of sandwiches which were checked downstairs, he continued, "No; let's make it a party. We'll take them to the Mazarin. I want to spend some of this money."

Joyce gave him a smile that was part gratitude and part hero-worship.

"They'll remember it as long as they live," she said.

"They will not," he said. "It's only the mean things that people remember as long as they live."

"Now you're being cynical," she chided him.

"Cynical?" he echoed, almost with a sharp note in his voice. "Who wouldn't be—after a war like this? 'Love your enemies as yourself.' 'Do unto others as you would have them do unto you.' 'Blessed are the meek.' Haven't you discovered it yet—that all our lives we've been fed a lot of bunk? That there's nothing to believe any more?"

"Oh, but there is," she answered.

"What, for instance?" he asked her.

"Everything that's good," she quietly

told him. "I believe in you, for instance. And as for 'Blessed are the meek': if this war keeps on long enough, can't you see that the fighting nations may wipe each other out, and then the meek will inherit the earth?"

FOR the next three days, Joyce was detailed on convalescent sight-seeing, and each day Dell met her in the morning and furnished lunch and interpretation for the crowd. Each day, too, he and Joyce seemed to be drawn more closely together in one way, and farther apart in another. They would look at each other, at times, in a way that would make a doughboy nudge his buddy; and yet a few minutes later, as though impelled by some inescapable fascination, they would be engaged in an argument in which Delavan's bitterness would presently leave them staring at each other as though from hostile trenches only a few feet apart.

"But, Mill," she said to him on the third day, "to hear you talk, you don't believe in anything."

"Why should I?" he challenged her.

"You don't believe in patriotism?"

"Patriotism! See what it did for me! Look at this crowd of wounded, and see what it did for them! To say nothing of those other millions hanging around on the barbed wire, or buried in trenches like so many potatoes that have gone bad—"

"And you don't believe in religion?" she quickly interrupted.

"Why should I? What good is it, if it can't stop things like this? A good fire department can stop a fire, and so you believe in it. A good plumber can stop a leak, and so you believe in him. But if religion can't stop a war like this, it seems to me it's time to believe in something else."

But Joyce wouldn't have that.

"Religions are all right," she said, "but we weren't living up to them. We were saying one thing, and doing another."

"Which either shows that religion is no good or that we are no good," said Dell. "You can't have it both ways."

"I don't know—" said Joyce, undecided for the first time; and nodding toward her group of lambs, she added, "The way you talk, it's a pity we ever went into the war. Or do you believe in ideals?"

"Ideals?" repeated Delavan, staring at her. "Do you believe we went into the war because of ideals?"

"But of course we did!" she exclaimed. "We wanted to see right triumph."

"Like fun we did!" he shortly laughed. "We went in because it wouldn't have paid us to stay out any longer. We stayed out long enough to make all the money there was in the world, and then we went in to make sure that no one would take it away from us."

This time it was Joyce's turn to stare.

"Why, Mill," she said, in a low, protesting voice, "you talk like a German."

"And so would you," he told her, "if you had been born in Berlin instead of Washington. You would still want to see right triumph; but it would be a different right."

And still Joyce stared; and whether by chance or not, her glance seemed directed at Delavan's British uniform—at the R. A. F. insignia on the lapels of his coat—the crown above the visor of his cap.

"I've said too much," he thought. "I must be more careful." A little later she asked him where his unit was located—whether he was the only one on leave in Paris. He satisfied her curiosity as well as he could; but still he sensed that she was puzzled.

The third time they met was her last day in Paris. In the morning she was leaving for a sector near Rheims.

"Then let's have dinner together tonight," said Dell, feeling already prophetically lonely.

"I'd love to," said Joyce, looking down at her uniform, "only I'd like to go to my hotel first, and change."

While she was changing, Delavan phoned to see if Mitzi was in town. If she wasn't, he had decided to take Joyce to the Lanterne—not only because he knew it—but because of its pictures, its local color. "Madame is out of town," he was told from Mitzi's apartment. "She left yesterday morning, but left no word when she was expected to return."

"Good!" thought Dell. "Then we'll go to the Lanterne."

Joyce loved it—its gallery of unmedaled paintings, its rambling rooms and picturesque guests. One would have looked a long time among the paintings on the walls to have found a more beautiful picture than Joyce made. The eyes of the neighboring artists kept turning in her direction; a circumstance which didn't exactly hurt Delavan's pride.

"They all know you here," whispered Joyce once, after the manager had stopped and spoken to him.

"Yes," said Dell, "but I think he stopped to have a better look at you."

IT HAPPENED that this was the moment when Mitzi entered, Major Morin in close attendance still.

"Good Lord, she's here!" muttered Dell to himself. And felt his heart

knock on his ribs in poignant quick alarm.

Mitzi and Joyce saw each other at the same moment. Leaving the major to find a table, Mitzi swept over and kissed Joyce over her eyes.

"You darling child," she beamed. "But one might have known that we three would be in it sooner or later. You must give me your address and I'll phone you in the morning," she hurriedly continued, seeing that the major was deploying in their direction. "I have so much to tell you!"

But Major Morin was not to be so easily denied.

"Awfully glad to see you again," he said to Dell. "We have often talked about you—the way you swung your sword."

Delavan, already standing, introduced him to Joyce, and mutely thanked Heaven that the table was only large enough for two.

"We must run along now," said Mitzi, "or we shan't find a place. See you again later."

When they had gone, finding a table far across the room, Joyce said in a thoughtful voice, "How queer!"

"C'est la guerre," said Dell, with a blasé gesture. "As Mitzi said, it brings everyone to Paris sooner or later."

"But she was always so friendly to the Germans," said Joyce, almost beneath her breath, "and now to see her here, in Paris, with that nice English officer—"

DELAVAN wasn't sorry when the manager came up to speak to him again. "They would like to see you this evening at No. 37," he began; and then in his prideful English, "You are 'appy and fat with your deenner?"

"Yes, yes," said Delavan, mopping his forehead. "Everything is very good, thank you."

"Mill," said Joyce, as soon as he was gone.

"Yes, dear child?"

"Why didn't you tell me that Mitzi was in Paris?"

"Partly—I think," he truthfully answered, "because I was afraid you might not understand."

"Well—I don't—" she said.

"There! You see?"

And you did notice how she asked for my address, and then went away without getting it?" continued Joyce. "And how nervous she was when Major Morin came up and began speaking to us?"

"Do you think so?" said Dell, trying to look ingenuous and not doing it very well.

For the second time since he had met her in Paris tears weren't far from Joyce's eyes. Their dinner, started in such good spirits, began to drag—to become a quiet, sad affair. Perceiving this, Joyce changed the subject—tried to laugh and sprinkle salt on the tail of vivacity—but they were both relieved when the waiter was paid and they arose to go. Mitzi and Major Morin had evidently left before them. At least Joyce couldn't see them, though she looked the tables over very carefully.

"A good thing, too, they've gone," thought Dell. "I think that Joyce was ready to spring something. Perhaps to call Mitzi by her title—'So pleased to have seen you again, Baroness Von Seidler'—just to see if the major would stare." To which he succinctly added, "The major would have stared, all right. The major would have stared his eyes out!"

Leaving the restaurant, he suggested a theater.

"No; I don't feel like it, somehow," said Joyce, "but if we could drive back to my hotel in one of those nice old victorias—"

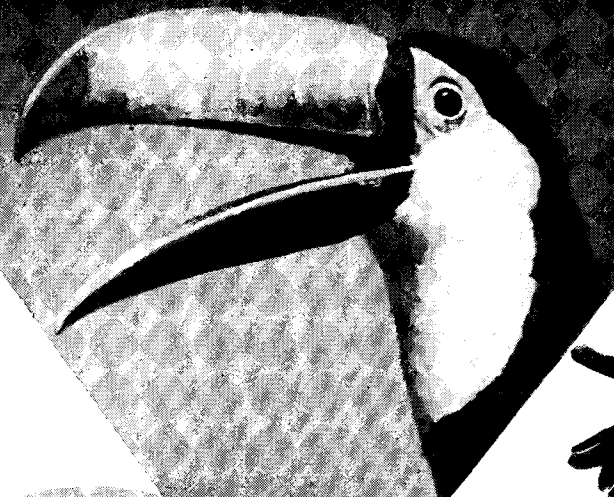
She was quiet at first in the victoria, her head back (Continued on page 36)

It's only a Bird



This little morsel is a toss-up between fur and feathers and is called an echidna. It's a satisfactory answer to the question: When is a bird not a bird?

He comes from Brazil, does the toucan incredible. Feasts upon lizards, fruit—anything edible. Monkeys he'll peck with his sharp, lengthy beak and send the offenders to bed for a week. His shrill piercing cry you can never forget. But tamed, he's a perfectly elegant pet



Photographs
Courtesy
N. Y. Zoological
Society



All those quill-pens stuck behind his ears naturally won him the name secretary bird. But his greatest delight is stamping on snakes



This is supposed to be a morning romp of the cocoi heron sisters. Well, we're no naturalist but it looks like a family scrap from here

Right: Folks who go around carving their initials on trees and benches in the park would delight in the hornbill's hard little helmet which offers a great field for the jackknife

Left: He's good-looking enough. But alas, he knows it, does the crested curassow. The marines brought this one from Nicaragua



*Not that all of the fellows
on these pages look like
any feathered friends we've
ever known*



A nocturnal whoopee maker is the great gray owl for all he looks so wise



The condor looks reserved and retiring. But he can spot his next meal twenty miles off



This is a laughing kingfisher (wouldn't you know they'd be calling it also a laughing jack-ass?) and when he's deeply stirred, the near-by settlers shiver and pull their blankets up over their ears



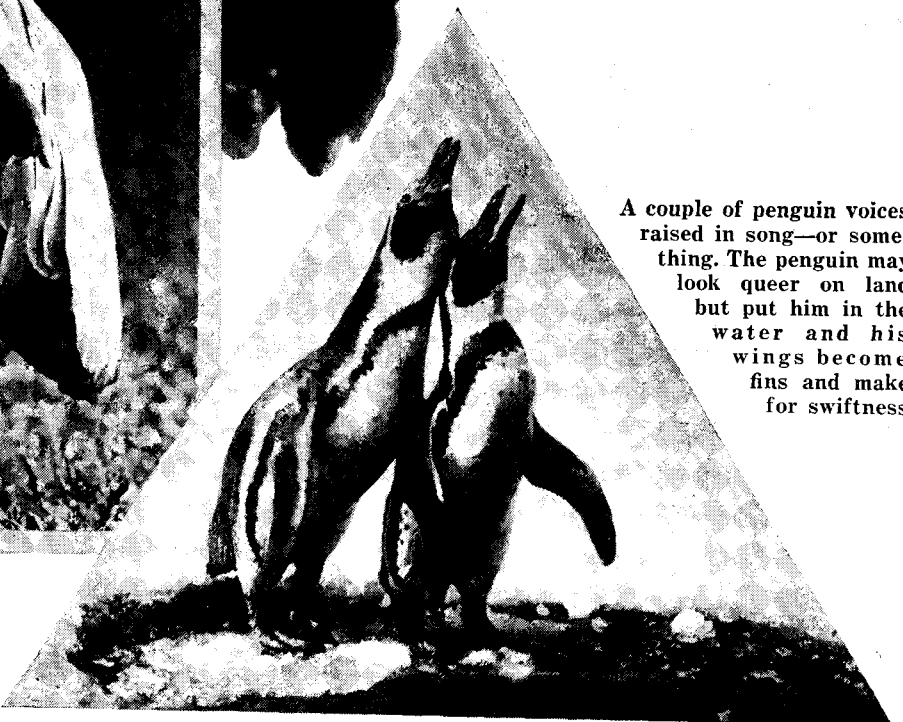
Above: The adjutant bird packs a bunch of marabou feathers on his hip, so naturally the female sex have mighty near been the death of him



The crowned crane can wear an aigret without being afraid of the customs officers. You see, she very wisely grows her own



Left: Old John Emu is a faithful husband and a devoted parent even if he does toe in like an Indian. Mrs. E. lays the eggs and abandons the home, leaving the dirty work to John



A couple of penguin voices raised in song—or something. The penguin may look queer on land but put him in the water and his wings become fins and make for swiftness

*The story of five men—
how they played in a grim
drama of the Northern
Seas, and met a terrible
test*

THERE were five men in the dory. Two of them—big, gaunt men of forty-odd—toiled at the long heavy oars. A third lay in the bottom of the boat among the shreds of fish offal with his head pillowed on a yellow oilskin hat. He snored rhythmically, and, unconsciously, the rowers had adapted their stroke to his breathing. A bloody dirty rag was bound about his head and occasionally he muttered in his sleep.

An old man with a hawk nose and rheumy, faded blue eyes sat in the stern, steering with an oar. His gaze roamed ceaselessly to right and left but his head and body remained immovable, only the eyes shifting in their deep sockets. The hands with which he grasped the steering oar were gnarled and swollen by years of hard toil in water the temperature of melting ice. In the fixed immobility of his pose he gave the impression of stubbornly holding himself from turning around.

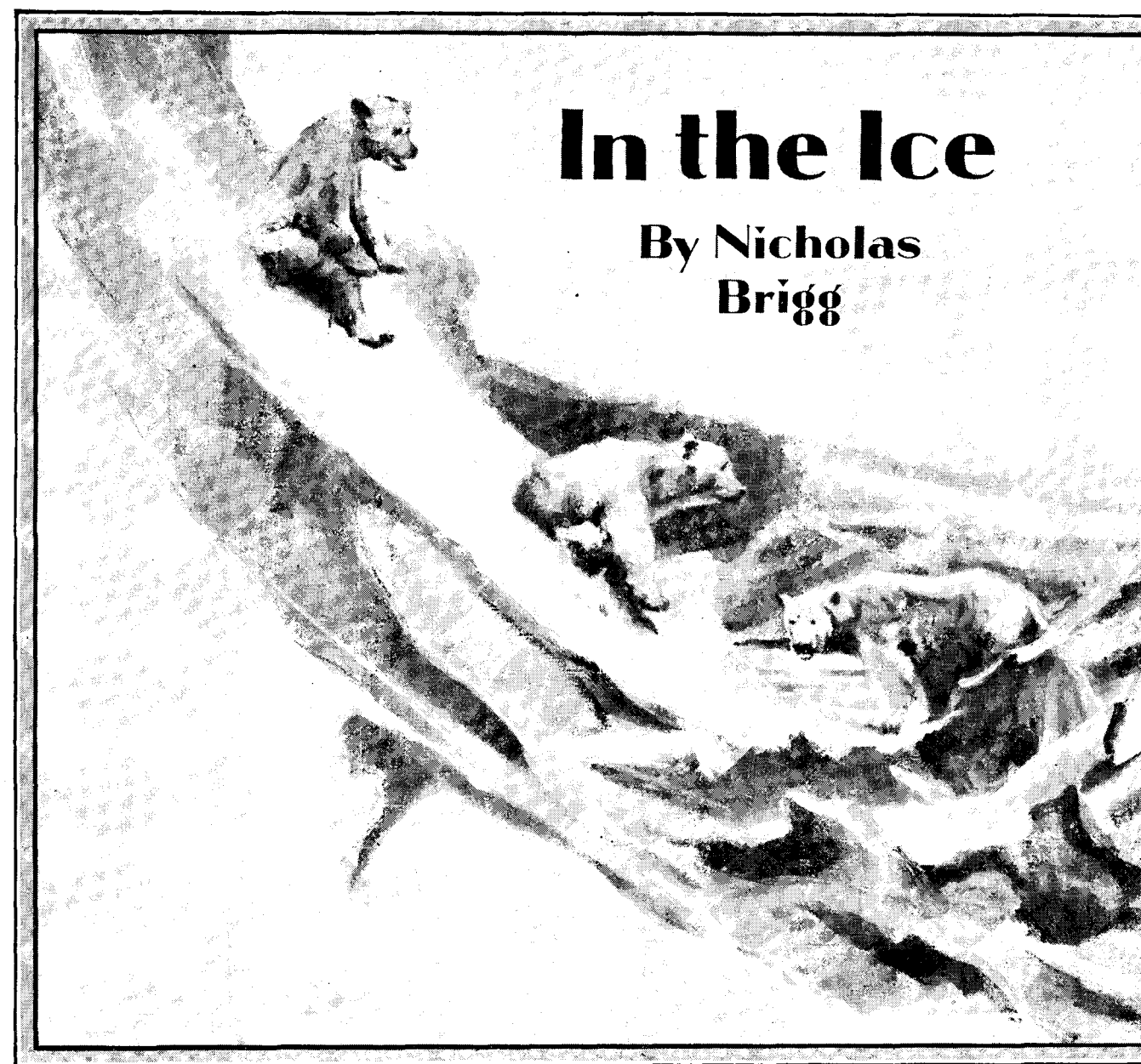
The fifth man sat in the bow facing aft. He carried an old-fashioned shotgun between his knees. He was much younger and smaller than the others. His features were delicate and his hands thin and frail. Like the others, he was dressed in yellow oilskins smeared from head to foot with dried fish blood. Like the others, too, his face was caked with dirt and covered with stubble of many days. In spite of his slighter form, he, the three of middle age, and the older man were patently of one blood—a father and his four sons.

There was ice all about. The sea was covered with it as far as the eye could carry in all directions; and the cold still air was filled with the noise of its movement. Leads opened here and there and then closed swiftly as the floes were caught in the grip of mysterious forces and hurled together with a shattering impact that piled the cakes into pressure ridges twenty feet high, giving to the horizon the aspect of a distant Alpine range. The sky was high and covered with thin gray clouds darkening from the zenith to where a pale yellow sun was setting over a black jagged line that might be far-off mountainous land.

Two miles astern the white expanse was broken by a small schooner's bow which pointed straight skyward. The body of the vessel was still visible as far aft as the foremast. The man in the dory's bow watched it steadily. It was moving slowly down. Now only the broken bowsprit remained. Then that vanished and a ridge of ice appeared where it had been. The watcher shivered and licked his salt-caked lips. "She's gone," he said.

At his words the rowers eased their efforts and rested a long moment on their oars, their eyes fixed on the old man in the stern. "Row on," he said without looking back. The knuckles of his hands showed suddenly white on the steering oar but no expression crossed his face. They took up their stroke once more.

In half an hour it was too dark to see the leads any longer and he laid the dory alongside a big pan. When they bumped it, the man with the bloody



The cubs were amusing themselves sliding down the smooth slopes exactly like a pair of children. The man,

head awoke and helped his brothers haul the boat up on to the ice. They dragged it to the center of the pan and lay down in the bottom to sleep. The old man could not sleep because he was very old; the small man could not sleep because he was afraid; the other three slept soundly.

In five hours of steady rowing they had covered but three miles from where their schooner had been crushed and sunk. The Labrador coast lay another seventy miles to the westward.

THE night was brief, for it was only July and they were far to the northward.

When it grew light the old man called his sons. The youngest one, Arthur, had dropped off at last and was whimpering in his sleep. The old man let him lie a while longer. The other three got up and stamped about the pan to warm themselves.

"Sleep any, Pa?" asked the one called Luke.

"No," replied the old man.

"Arthur's takin' it hard like."

"He's feelin' bad 'bout losin' the other dory an' the grub."

"Shucks! Shouldn't take it that way. He held on best he could; not his fault he ain't stout's some."

Presently they woke the small man. The sun was now risen and the endless ice lay clothed with color. There was affection in their voices when they addressed their brother:

"Tain't nothin', Arthur. Don't take it t' heart, boy!"

"We got a gun, ain't we? Rest o' the fleet'll be showin' up 'most any time."

"I cud see land plain when the sun

set. Few days o' this an' we'll be safe aboard some vessel."

They breakfasted from a pot of cold beans and some chunks of coarse bread—this, with the gun and a handful of shells, was all that had been saved when Arthur had let the dory tackle run—and offered one another clumsy jokes to wash down the poor fare and cheer their younger brother. Adam, whose head had been damaged when the other dory was lost, led the rest in the funning.

"All aboard the mail boat," he shouted when they had done eating. "Git aboard the Suzu fer p'int's south."

The old man did not smile. He took his place at the steering oar. "Catch holt an oar, Arthur," he said, "an row a while." They began again to thread the leads to the westward.

After an hour and a half of rowing the youngest son could no longer handle his oar and the one with the bandaged head relieved him. The morning's progress was tortuous and slow. Toward noon a flock of eiders appeared and Arthur blazed at them in a hurry with the shotgun. He missed the first time. Then he shot the other barrel and missed with it too, and Luke reached for the gun across the rowers, causing the dory to lurch perilously. "Here! Arthur! Leave me have the gun!"

"Sit down!" commanded the old man. "Arthur, don't fire again till they git right close. How many shells you got left?"

"Four—no—five."

"Leave me take the gun, Arthur."

"Sit down, Luke—sit down!"

The ducks wheeled low and passed over the boat; he raised the gun again.

His hands shook so that the muzzle wobbled. Luke buried his face in his hands.

But an eider fell into the lead a hundred yards off and the other brothers raised a shout. . . . "Good boy, Arthur!" cried Adam.

They cleaned the duck and threw away the feathers, saving the viscera for fish bait. The meat they cut in strips and laid out to dry in the sun. There was very little of it and what there was was rank with oil. After talking it over they decided not to eat again until night; that would be the last of the beans and bread. Their thirst they slaked from pools of water in the growlers which were fresh-water ice from Baffin Land.

BY NIGHTFALL they had made a full fifteen miles through the floes and the ice itself had not moved off-shore very much. On this night they all slept.

The next dawn was cold and thick. A wet easterly was blowing and the pack was in motion again. Twice, before they launched the dory, the pan on which they had camped sustained violent blows. To break their fast there was nothing left but the raw duck. They ate it in silence with many wry faces. Arthur was seized with a colic and vomited up his portion.

For four hours they struggled along, missing being crushed several times by inches, until it finally became so dangerous that they were forced to give over rowing and seek shelter on the largest pan they could reach. This was a piece of old polar ice, worn and scarred by a thousand days of travel and thicker than the surrounding floes.



trembling, crouched behind a ridge and watched them. Here was meat!

On it they felt secure except for the bergs, which were not numerous here.

The gale lasted all that day and far into the next. Alternately it rained and sleeted and they tried tipping the dory upside down and crawling beneath it. This kept out the rain but forced them to lie on the bare ice. In the end though, it proved best and they left it so, for their hands and faces were protected from the freezing rain.

It was very cramped beneath the dory. From time to time they would be unable to endure the cold any longer and would wriggle out and stamp up and down to get warm a little. There was nothing to see beyond a few hundred yards; and in that small circle was only heaving ice across which the icy rain blew in sheets.

BY THE second night the old man was in a coma and two of his sons put their arms about him to warm him a little if possible.

"Let's have a sing," Matt suggested.

They sang *There is a Fountain Filled with Blood*; *Rock of Ages*; *Onward, Christian Soldiers*; *Beautiful Isle of Somewhere*, and *Nearer, My God, to Thee*. There was a fine irony in the last one but none remarked upon it. Matt and Luke carried the air; Arthur sang a tenor; and Adam sang the bass. The singing warmed them and they kept it up all through the short night. The old man did not sing; but he was helped by it none the less.

When morning came the storm had passed and the sun rose bright. The sunshine was an elixir beyond price to

them. They turned their faces skyward, drinking in the rays.

But, alas, there was now no open water in sight. The gale had compacted the flocs into a solid sea of ice.

The men were ravenous with hunger the moment that the sun had relieved the misery of cold, and there was nothing for them to eat. They were too far into the pack to find the seals and birds that flock along its fringes.

They set out to drag the dory westward across the upheaved surface, hoping to find open water again.

The labor of it was incredible. The dory was twenty feet long and weighed a quarter of a ton; and the ridges that barred their march were ten and fifteen feet high. Over these the dory must be hoisted if it could not go around. By midday they had covered but two terrible miles and were at the end of their strength. The old man shuffled along in the rear of the wabbling dory; Arthur hauled his puny best at the painter. Occasionally he stumbled and fell and the others had to halt to avoid running over him.

They climbed a barrier higher than the rest and slid the boat down the other side. Adam, too, fell down. The old man called to them to halt but a sort of madness had seized on Luke and Matt and they rushed the dory on alone, gasping inarticulately while the other three watched them apathetically.

At the end of a hundred yards Matt slipped and lurched into his brother. Quick as a wink Luke knocked him down and in a second they were rolling on the ice, kicking and striking feebly at one another while Adam ran to separate them. Their eyes were

glazed and they were mouthing senseless nothings when he got them apart. . . . That ended the march and after a while they all climbed into the dory and lay down.

The warm sunshine refreshed them some and they managed another mile in the afternoon before their strength gave out.

THAT night they had another sing, but it was no good. After the second hymn they gave it up. Adam strove to keep it going by himself.

"Aw, shet up," Luke growled, "save yer strength so you'll pull a man's weight tomorrow. You an' Arthur—might's well be Ma on the line!"

"Close yer mouth, Luke!" said the old man.

"'S truth though, an' you know it! Been good thing if Arthur'd gone down 'long his fiddle. All his fault we ain't got no grub anyway. If we ever git outa this I hope you'll have sense 'nough to leave him home with the wimmin where he oughta be!"

"Oh, leave off, Luke. Arthur done the best he could. 'Tain't no fault o' his he couldn't hold the fall. Had a hard job holdin' my end, I'll tell ye!" Adam put in.

"I say 'tis his fault!"

"An' I say 'tisn't!"

"Come on, boys, leave off quarrelin'. This won't get us nowhere. All in the same pickle now an' we might's well make the best of it. Come on, start up 'nother tune."

"Go on an' sing. I'm goin' off to look fer water."

He picked up the gun and stumped off in the half light of the early dawn, raising an oar for a marker on the nearest ridge. They watched him go in silence. Finally Arthur broke it:

"Pa . . . boys . . . I'm sorry 'bout the other dory. Guess I ain't much good fer this work. Wish you'd let me go in fer fiddlin' like I'd wanted to. Jest as lief died as gone an' lost my fiddle."

"Ain't never been one o' us yet was afeared to go to sea, Arthur, an' I don't aim my youngest'll be the first. The Lucases man their

vessels with their own sons an' outsail the fleet. When I'm dead you kin go fiddlin' to St. Johns but not afore."

"Too late now anyway. Have to start young t' get anywhere. Lost my only chance when you wouldn't let me go with Uncle Jabe."

"That's enough talk fer now. Save yer breath . . . we've argied all this out afore."

The faint report of a gun roused them and sent them hurrying to the top of the near-by ridge. The sun had risen and they could see Luke afar off, hurrying across the uneven ice. Soon he stopped and bent over to pick up something. His brothers watched breathlessly.

"He's got somethin'! . . . Whaddye make it, Arthur? . . . Yes, yes! . . . Got somethin' sure!"

THEY waited agonizedly for some sign but none came. He was out of range for calling. He glanced all about and then walked a few yards and disappeared behind a growler. After a long time he emerged again and came slowly along the ice. They watched his approach in shaken silence.

"There's open leads a mile to the west," was his remark.

"What ye git?" demanded his father.

"Oh, nothin'. Wounded snowbird . . . blew him all t' bits . . . nothin' left but feathers."

The old man said no more but his eyes were on the smears of grease at the corners of his son's mouth and he sighed deeply as though he had sustained a heavy hurt. The silence lengthened. Luke fussed with the breach of his gun. Matt snorted and seized the gunwale of the boat. "C'mon, let's git goin'!" he said in a hard voice.

They put their backs into the job and presently reached the open leads and embarked. The old man was in the stern as usual, Luke came next, Matt and Adam at the oars, and Arthur in the bow.

They rowed steadily. There was no sound save the creaking of the oars and the faint screaming of some terns
(Continued on page 33)



Matt dragged him clear and he saw that the battle was over

Illustrated by
Courtney
Allen



"...A TEAM WITH FAST BACKS
MAY BE STOPPED COLD BY TWO
STRONG ENDS...."

"BOBBY JONES'
ALMOST 'PERFECT SWING'
SAVES HIM THE NERVE
STRAIN OF 'FIGHTING
HIMSELF'...."

"RUTH AND THE
YANKEES CAN TAKE
A FAST-BALL
PITCHER AND TURN
HIM INTO A
TARGET...."

"THE DEMPSEY WHO COULD KNOCK
FIRPO DOWN SIX OR SEVEN TIMES IN
A ROUND, COULDN'T TOPPLE
GIBBONS IN FIFTEEN -"

Where the Dope goes Wrong

By Grantland Rice

*When is an upset not an upset? When
it's a set-up, says Mr. Rice. Here's the
reason*

WHEN A beats B and B whips C and C turns and claws the hide from A, there is usually a terrible commotion and much talk about the Big Upset.

Yet there may have been no upset at all. It may be perfectly logical and reasonable for A to beat B, for B to whip C and for C to whip A to a finish. For example, last fall Indiana beat Michigan, Illinois whipped Indiana and then Michigan turned and upset Illinois. Yet there was no great upset—for this reason: Zuppke of Illinois had no such fast back as Indiana possessed in Bennett, but he had a strong line attack. Illinois' strongest point struck Michigan's strongest point, a first-class line. This Michigan line could stop power better than it could handle speed. A team with fast backs can pile up a big score against a team with a good line that has weak ends. Yet this team with fast backs may be stopped cold by two strong ends, and a line-plunging team may inflict serious damage upon a team with strong ends. It makes a world of difference as to how one team's attack fits in with a rival's defense.

This same idea works its way into many other competitions. Tunney, a skillful boxer more or less on the side of watchful waiting, always looked better against a fighter who came to him than against a fighter who stayed away. The Tunney who whipped Heeney would have given the Dempsey who slaughtered Willard a great battle, for Dempsey's style would have been exactly what Tunney wanted. Yet if Tunney had been thrown against Willard in that battle, Tunney at his best would have had a tough afternoon against Willard's waiting tactics and his good left and dangerous uppercut. Willard's greater height and reach would have bothered Tunney a lot.

There was great astonishment through the land when Dempsey, who had slaughtered such giants as Carl Morris, Fred Fulton and Jess Willard in a round or so, couldn't stop Tom Gibbons at Shelby in 15 rounds. Thousands still think that Dempsey carried Gibbons through that fight. But these failed to see the one terrific smash which Gibbons barely ducked in time and which, though it caught him a glancing blow on top of the head, still left him with both eyes blackened.

The fact is that Dempsey was at his worst against a shifty, fast-moving target who refused to let him get set. He could knock Firpo down six or seven times in one round, but he couldn't topple Gibbons in 15. Yet the gigantic, hard-hitting Firpo would have been a dangerous man for Gibbons to meet. Gibbons' style didn't fit in with Dempsey's system, so far as Dempsey was concerned.

Bill Brennan, a good boxer, outpointed Dempsey for 10 rounds at Madison Square Garden before he finally collapsed.

Fast-Ball Stuff

Those who picked Tunney to beat Dempsey, and there were several, did so largely because of these contests with Gibbons and Brennan. They recalled that Dempsey had trouble with good, fast boxers even when his legs were good. They figured that he would have even more trouble hitting as good a boxer as Tunney with the old Dempsey leg power beginning to wobble and skid.

Why was it the New York Yankees could whip the Athletics so consistently last season? The Yankees were supposed to have their rivals' goats bleating far from home. But this was only part of the story. Two of the Athletics'

best pitchers were Grove and Walberg, fast-ball pitchers who carried more smoke than a pair of burning oil wells. These pitchers, especially Grove, could stand many teams on their throbbing heads. But the Yankees happened to feed on fast-ball stuff. Ruth, Gehrig, Meusel and others could take a fast-ball pitcher and turn him into a target. When the fast-baller sailed one up, something large and round met it squarely in the face.

Grove last season won 24 games and lost 8. The actual statistics are not at hand, but five or six of these eight defeats came from Yankee bats. I saw him once strike out six of the first nine Yankees who faced him. But they drove him from the box that day before the seventh inning. If Grove had never pitched against the Yankees his record would have been about 30 victories and 2 defeats. Yet after beating the brilliant Grove, who could beat most of the other teams any day he picked, the Yankees would then roll over and play dead before some slow-ball pitcher who floated 'em up.

In the last world series I saw Babe Ruth take two slow ones that drifted squarely over the middle of the plate, waist high. The next one came at about the same spot and he had to swing. The result was a high outfield fly, easy to handle.

One team will come along with a pair of slow curve-ball pitchers and stop a certain team cold. But those two pitchers may not be effective in any way against another team.

The slugger likes a fast ball. He isn't so keen about a slow ball, especially when it is mixed up with a change of pace. The slugger must be planted, mentally and physically, to swing all the way through. For example, pitchers have fanned Babe Ruth oftener in one season than Wee Willie Keeler ever fanned in his entire big-league career. Keeler was all set for any brand of pitching. A home-run hitter naturally can't be set in any such fashion for a change of pace.

This same idea of watching styles goes into other games. In an open golf championship I saw a certain

famous professional turn in a 67 one round. "They'll have a hard time stopping that baby," someone remarked. Yet if they had watched this golfer closely they would have seen that all through that round he was fighting off a certain fault. The face of his club was coming nearer and nearer to being closed. He was scoring brilliantly, but there was a cancer eating into his swing. You could see part of it by the strain on his face, the strain of his swing, the effort employed. He held up for a good part of the distance and then near the finish he cracked wide open. He was charged with being "too nervous," with curling up. Yet the amazing part was the nerve control he exhibited against such odds, the odds of fighting off a fault that sooner or later was certain to break him apart.

Why does Bobby Jones make such a phenomenal showing year after year? Jones has courage, strength, brains and other qualities. So have other golfers. But if you check back to the main fundamentals of the correct swing—the perfect swing—you will find that Jones approaches this closer than anyone else.

A Great Season is Ahead

This means a lot. It not only means that he has physical advantage but it also means that he has far less pressure on his nervous system. He isn't fighting against certain faults, and therefore fighting against himself. As a matter of fact Bobby Jones' nerves are better equipped for such games as football and tennis than for golf. He is keen, eager, impetuous—a bundle of nerves. But his swing in every detail, including his average from the drive to the putt, is so much sounder than anyone else's that he offsets one disadvantage with another greater advantage—the fundamentals. If Bobby Jones had Walter Hagen's golf temperament or Walter Hagen had every detail of Bobby Jones' swing, there would be no competition.

One of the greatest of all seasons of competitive sport is now ahead. Every year you will find a growth of interest in many games. In place of guessing, why not make more of an effort to slip back of the scenes and study comparative styles and comparative qualities? If A beats B and B beats C, don't take it for granted that A will also whip C. There may be certain definite reasons why C should beat A.

Comparative styles can often tell you a startling story if you will only dig in deep enough to see just how they fit. When two fighters or two football teams with practically the same style meet, you can usually look out for a dull evening or a dull afternoon. Opposite styles are worth studying. Such study often leads to unexpected results.

What EVERY HUSBAND doesn't Know

By Paul Poiret

Drawings by Robert Patterson

"NOW there," said my companion, "is a well-dressed woman." He was wrong. The woman he indicated was wearing a smart, well-designed costume. It was of a pleasing shade of blue with expensive hat, gloves, handbag and shoes to match. She was dressed in the best fashion—but alas, in the worst of taste. Her skirt was of the brevity that fashion called for and her stockings were of the unhappily so-popular nude shade. And there lay the trouble.

Fashion is a capricious tyrant before whom too many women bow. This woman was wearing a skirt which—however fashionable in its length or lack of it—revealed thick, unpleasant ankles. And as if that were not bad enough, she had dressed those ankles in sheer, pinkish silk, through which the flesh tints of her legs emerged to create an abhorrent color combination that clashed with every other item of her costume.

This just goes to show how impossible it is to set down any specific rules or items by which one can recognize a well-dressed woman. One can only be general. But in being so one can, perhaps, offer certain guideposts to smartness which even unpracticed male eyes may follow.

If a woman is so costumed as to offend your taste, she is not well dressed. By that I mean that she must be so clothed as not to give prominence to displeasing features—thick ankles, bony arms, ugly shoulders.

She may be well dressed without being in the height of fashion—and by the same token she may be in the height of fashion and be badly dressed.

The perfectly dressed woman will be garbed to fit the hour, the place and the occupation. And she will be wearing a complete ensemble of matching colors from hat to shoes; successful contrasts are exceptional and not one woman in a thousand can achieve them.

But ensembles are a delight to the eye. There is nothing more pleasing than a woman smartly dressed, say in mauve: hat and costume and stockings and gloves and handbag. But, unfortunately, the present mad craze for light pinkish shades in stockings ruins so many otherwise perfect ensembles.

Why they go in for them so, I don't



Even feminine eyes might regard this trim young lady as smartly dressed. So what can a mere man do? When Monsieur Poiret was shown the sketch he ripped it all to pieces, as you can see by his scribbled comments. Showing what a tricky thing is style. The little touches added later are suggestions for livening up and improving the costume. How can a man know that a woman is well dressed? In this article the noted French modist offers some guideposts to smartness that even a male may follow

know, especially in this day when stockings can be had in such a wide variety of glorious colors.

To adhere to the rule of dressing to fit the hour and the occasion a woman would require about three hundred costumes. She might be in the height of taste on Fifth Avenue and five minutes later be deplorably badly dressed when she turns off into Central Park.

For her walk down the avenue of an afternoon she must be dressed discreetly as to color and shade, not too provocatively and, of course, preferably in an ensemble. In her home she may be more fascinating, more dainty, the goddess of the house, enhancing its charms.

At a party at night there need be no limit to her seductiveness.

She may be a bird of paradise, a deer, a butterfly with coquettish antenna—always with the idea of bringing out her best features in mind. Her function in life is to be fascinating and here she is permitted all the foibles, all the follies—and there are poor fools who spend all their lives creating them for her or buying them for her!

But how carefully a woman with many dresses must choose. What crimes they can commit with colors! I cannot understand why a woman of limited wardrobe will experiment in all sorts of abominable color combinations when by adhering to the neutral colors such as tan or gray or navy blue she can achieve effects that make her well dressed. There, in fact, is the answer to

the question that must have arisen in the mind of many a harried husband when I spoke of a three-hundred-gown wardrobe. Women of limited means may not be able to change their costumes to fit every hour and place but by exercising good taste they can select costumes that fit in well almost anywhere.

And as for the matter of jewelry. It's elementary, of course, to say that an overdisplay of gems and baubles is vulgar and common. But to my way of thinking, the wearing of synthetic or imitation jewelry is just as bad taste. No woman can be well dressed if she is wearing even an expensive string of imitation pearls. How much better for her to buy a choker of gold or even baser metal that is becoming and costs a great deal less.

Good taste is not a matter of dollars and cents any more. I went into one of your five-and-ten-cent stores the other day and spent fifty dollars and a fascinating two hours on a whole taxicab load of delightful little trinkets. And they were all genuine—they didn't pose as being diamonds when they were glass. Therein lies the secret of good taste.

So with fur garments. A woman may be smartly dressed in a coat of well-matched rabbit skins—but she becomes instantly counterfeit when she appears in a coat of rabbit skins dressed up—however cleverly—to look like fox.

There is current now an unhappy custom of pinning a couple of flowers—usually imitation—on the left shoulder. Just because one woman once discovered that an orchid pinned to her fur coat resulted in an effect that was pleasing to the eye it doesn't follow that hundreds of other women become more charming by rushing to the shops, snatching up miniature bouquets and affixing them to their coats.

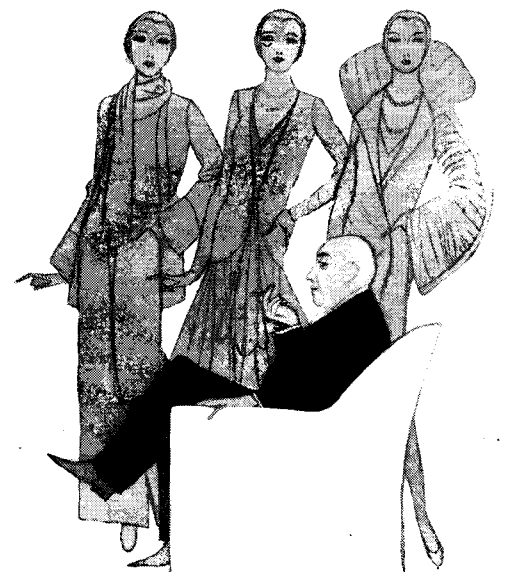
These flowers are not real, not genuine. And they usually clash with complexion and costume. A real gardenia and a bit of a leaf, on a black coat, may be striking—but pin on an imitation rose or orchid and the effect is incredibly awful.

So your well-dressed woman will probably be wearing no coat flower. She will have on no imitation fur; no synthetic jewelry. She will be dressed for the hour and the place and she will not have allowed the whims of fashion to induce her to reveal features and points much better concealed.

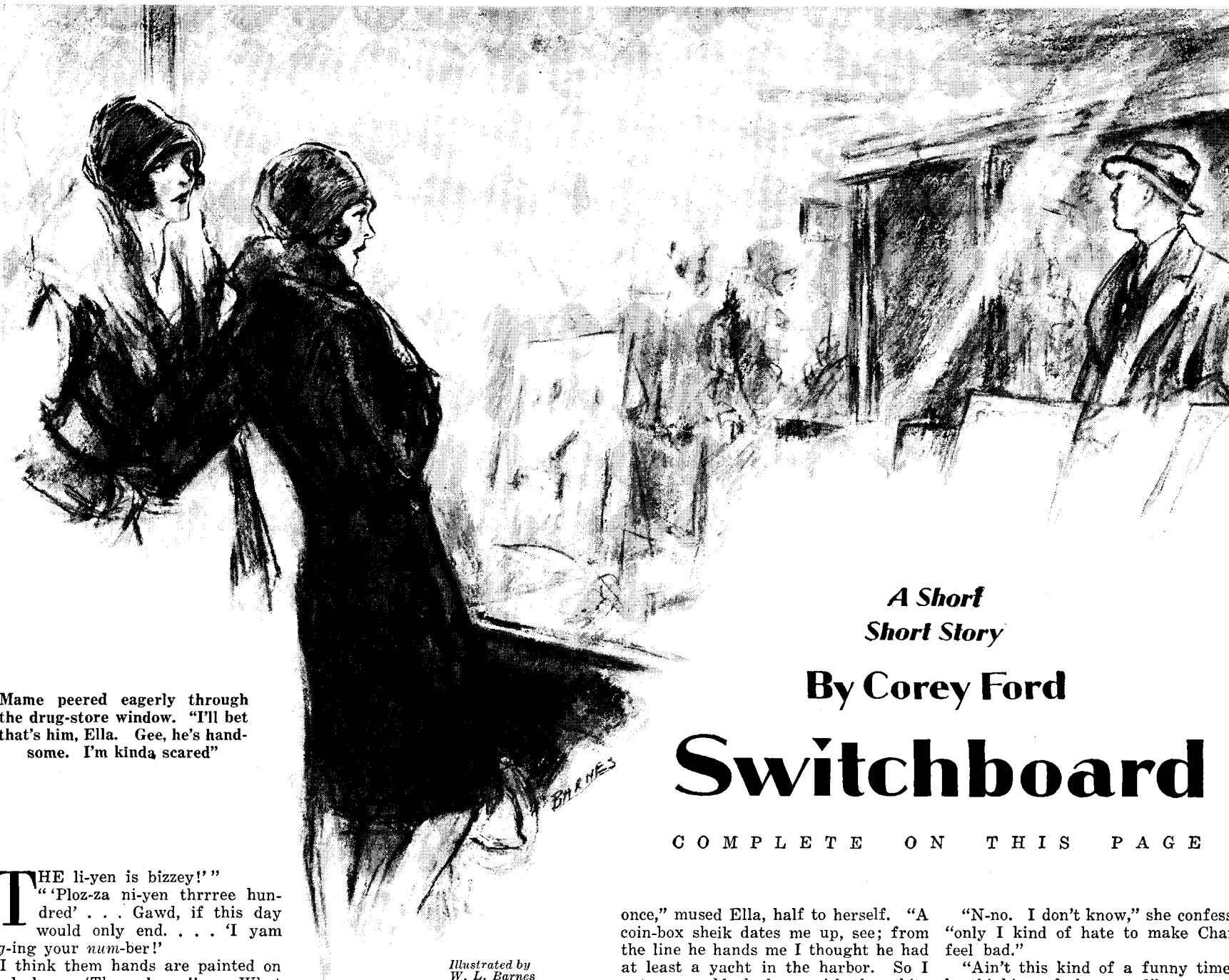
And she will be one woman out of an odd one hundred and seventy thousand.



It's pretty but is it smart? Suggestions for negligee, sport and luncheon wear



The master himself contemplates suggested tea, dinner and theater costumes



Mame peered eagerly through the drug-store window. "I'll bet that's him, Ella. Gee, he's handsome. I'm kinda scared"

*A Short
Short Story*

By Corey Ford

Switchboard

COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

"THE li-yen is bizzey!"

"'Ploz-za ni-yen thrrree hundred' . . . Gawd, if this day would only end. . . . 'I yam ring-ing your num-ber!'

"I think them hands are painted on the clock. . . . 'Thang kyew!' . . . What time is it by your watch, Ella?"

"'Ploz-za ni-yen thrrree hundred does not an-swer'. . . . Two minutes to five."

"Well, I only wisht it would hurry an' be five. I got a date at five down in Liggett's drug store."

"Who's that, the same feller you—'Sorry, Moddom, the li-yen is still bizzey'—the same boy frien' you been going with steady?"

"N-no, this is one that I got acquainted with just today. . . . 'Hello' . . . We got talking, rather he did to me. . . ."

"Another one, Mame? Gees, whad-dye think them plugs is in your hands—Cupid's darts? Gees, if I was you—'Five o'clock.'"

"Going uptown, Tillie?" "—so then I give him the number, an' 'Let's us take in a movie t'night, Sadie.'"

"Come on, Helen, maybe we can catch a bus!" ". . . an' I sess to her, I sess . . ."

"Hurry up, Ella, you know I'm in a hurry."

"Well, wait a minute an' I'll walk with you as far as the drug store." She took her companion firmly by the arm. "Now, tell me all about it. What's the idea of the new boy frien'? It's none o' my business, but—ain't Charlie good enough for you?"

"Oh, sure, only—well, this feller, he sounded so romantick over the phone, sort of. An' he called from a Plaza exchange, too. So he ast if he could meet me, an' I said sure, I guessed so, an' so . . . see?"

"Sure, I know."

Illustrated by
W. L. Barnes

"See, Ella, I'm always wonderin' some day will I meet the Real Feller. You know, a romantickal type like John Gilbert, maybe . . . dark eyes. . . . An' sometimes I just look at the switchboard in front o' me, an' I say to myself: 'I wonder which one he will be, he must be in behind there somewhere, an' sooner or later my light will flash, an' I'll hear his voice ask for a number, an' I'll speak to him. . . .'"

"What's the matter with Charlie, though?"

"Oh, Charlie's all right, only—you know, Ella, he simply ain't romantickal. Just sort of slow an' steady. Gee, this feller that called up today, he's different. He's got a deep voice that thrills you all over, he sort of laughs while he talks. . . . I dunno. . . ."

"Yeh, the voice with the smile wins."

"So he's meeting me down at Liggett's. I was going on a date with Charlie tonight but I don't care, this new one is more exciting. I never seen him, of course, or naturally he ain't seen me or anything. . . . Isn't it romantick?"

"HOW you gonna recannize him?"

"He said he'd be standing in front of the second phone-booth from the door. So that's how I'll be able to pick him out, see? Gee, Ella, no kidding, I'm thrilled to death to see what he's like. . . . Ain't you?"

"Yeh, only—I was thinking of Charlie."

They hurried together down the street. "Gee, I fell for that parade myself

once," mused Ella, half to herself. "A coin-box sheik dates me up, see; from the line he hands me I thought he had at least a yacht in the harbor. So I put on my black dress with the white beads—Gawd! I looked voguish, if I do say it myself—an' I went to meet him. He had an apartment. He said he'd gimme fur coats an' joolery, an' a coupla automobiles . . . you know, we'd go to Paris an' ever'thing. . . ."

"There's Liggett's, across the street."

"All right, dearie, wait'll the traffic changes. He'll keep."

"Yeh. . . . What happened, Ella?"

"Hmm? What happened?" bitterly. "I'm still working for the telephone company, ain't I? Some birds are so mean—"

"Gee, Ella, do you think my frien' 'll be here yet?"

"Let's look in through the window first an' see."

"Yeh." Mame peered eagerly over a display of patent safety razors. "Ain't that him? I'll bet that's him, Ella, with the black mustache. See, he's standing right in front of the second phone-booth from the door, just like he said he would. See, there, he just looked at his watch. That's him, Ella. Gee, he's handsome. I'm kinda scared."

"Are you going in?"

"Huh? Yeh. Of course I am, in just a minute. Ain't he . . . romantickal?"

"Well, he ain't no home-boy, you can see that. I bet he can show you a lot more tricks than Charlie. . . ."

"Yeh."

"Well, why don't you go in, Mame, if you're in such a hurry?"

"I yam, Ella, only . . . I was just wondering if I ought to phone Charlie first that I can't meet him?"

"An' tell him you're going out with another sheik?"

"N-no. I don't know," she confessed, "only I kind of hate to make Charlie feel bad."

"Ain't this kind of a funny time to be thinking of that now?"

"Him an' me been going steady so long. . . . An' as soon as he got a raise, he said he wanted to—he was gonna ask me—"

"I thought you didn't care about Charlie," said Ella, hiding a little tremor at the corners of her mouth. "When you get a big romantick—"

"I do care about Charlie," said Mame miserably. "I do."

"WELL, then, kid," burst out Ella, "get wise to yourself. If you got a good guy which loves you, stick to him. Do you hear? Maybe he ain't romantick like this bozo waiting for you inside, but he's worth ten of him just the same. Take my advice: the next time a coin-box sheik tries to date you up," bitterly, "just connect him with the Ol' Ladies' Home."

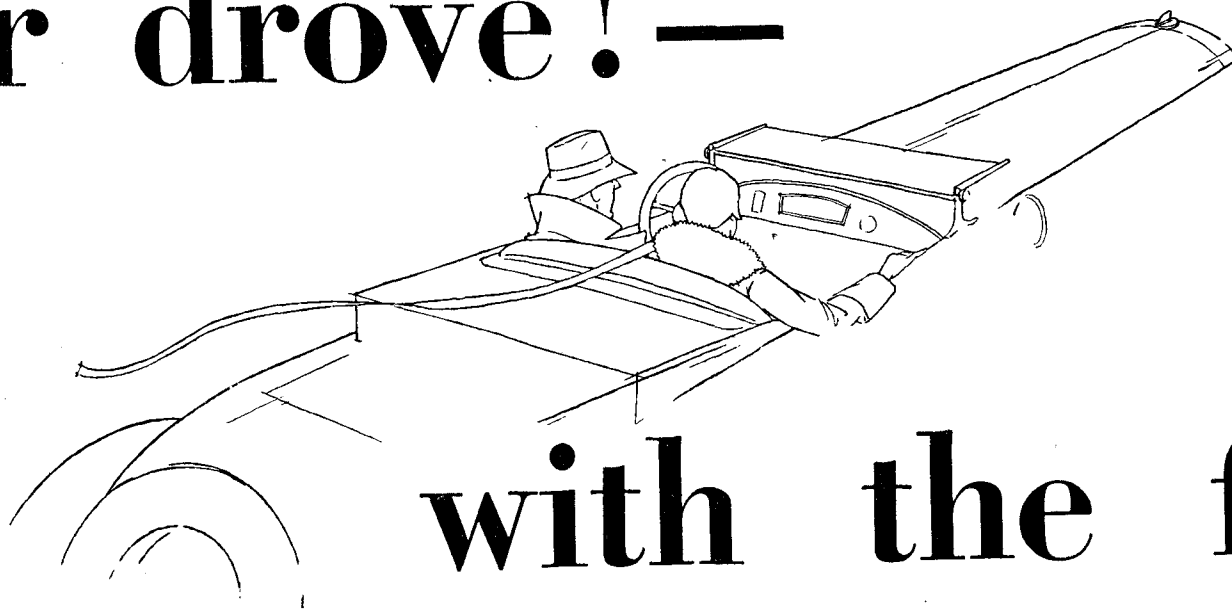
Mame looked up at her friend with wide eyes.

"You gotta make up your own mind," concluded Ella. "It's your party. Only I hope you won't be a damn' fool like . . . I was."

She watched in silence while her companion walked into the drug store alone. As Mame halted for a moment before the man with the dark mustache, he looked at her keenly. Mame made no sign of acknowledgment as she brushed past him into a tiny compartment at his back. Through the glass of the folding door Ella saw her drop a nickel and take down the receiver.

"An' the nex' time you work that gag, romantick," Ella smiled, as she strolled down the street, "don't plan to meet 'em in front of a phone-booth."

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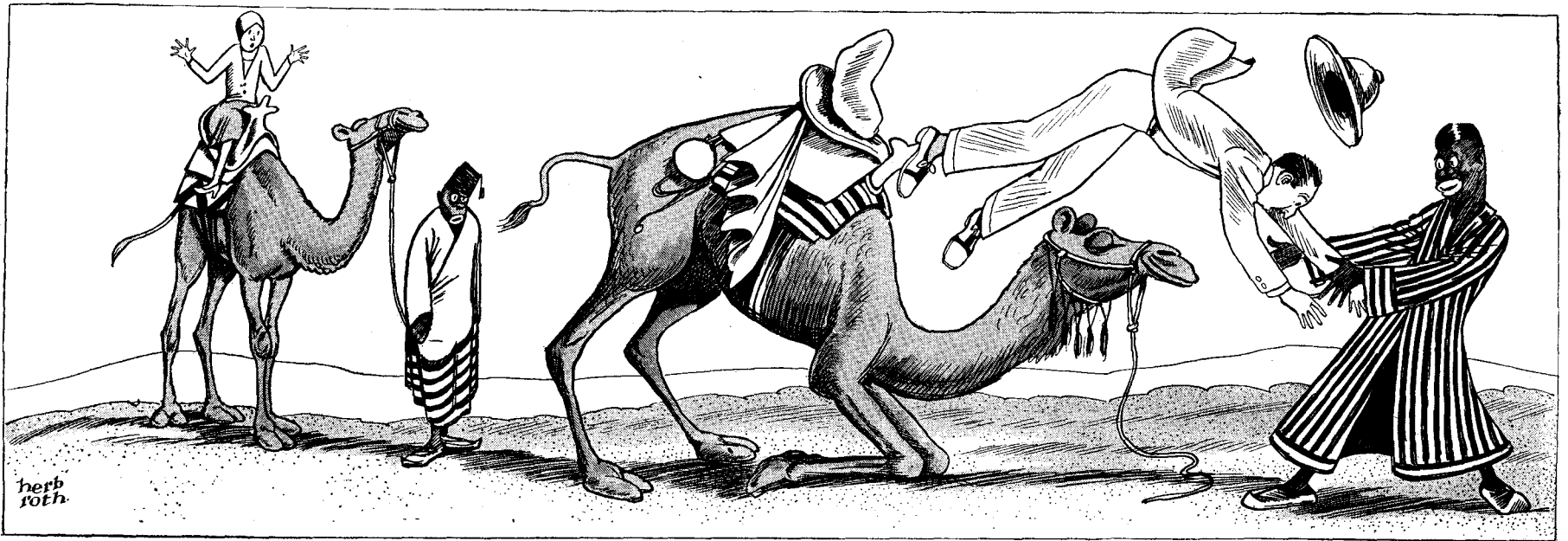
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There is nothing difficult about riding a camel until the animal throws you over his head

Once in a Blue Moon

By Frank Condon

Around the world the Waxman family traveled to Naples, where they first met Romance. But Time plays havoc with rose gardens and memories alike—and love, if you don't mind, has nothing to do with geography

OUR ship arrived at Suez at a time when governmental affairs were in a state of chaos and we became accidental victims. We had been shopping for Egyptian visas in many previous ports and it had been a merry game to discover which British consul offered the best terms. Egypt and England had been coming to a fresh agreement on finances and affairs and about the time the Hillary Castle encountered the Indian Ocean heat Egypt said to England, "Now we'll collect the passport money for ourselves. You have been doing it nicely, but from now on we will handle the cash."

Our tourist band knew nothing of this economic change and when the Egyptians boarded the Hillary Castle at Suez and broke the news that persons who desired to take a peek at Egypt would do well to dig up ten bucks, the howls that arose upon the midnight air were pitiful to hear. Mr. Morgan, who had traveled for many years, stated it was an outrage. Mr. Sullivan of Chicago paced the deck and swore he would never go ashore and never put up with such flagrant robbery. The Egyptian consular gentlemen maintained an air of calm. The ship's purser was calm. Everyone was calm except eighty Americans, who were violently opposed to this new form of foreign graft. After blustering for an hour, the tourists subsided, paid the extra fee, and we entered Egypt in single file.

The hour was midnight, a very dark, dismal midnight, and several small tugs lay beside the Hillary Castle waiting to take the gay Americans ashore, bag and baggage, for it was the in-

tention to spend four days in ancient Cairo. I personally cared little about seeing Egypt. What I craved was food in any form.

The Egyptians may be a delightful people, but they have a confused way with them disconcerting to an American. Hurrying across a chilly harbor, the tugs set us ashore upon a stone pier, with Harold Demuth in charge of operations for our particular group. He was in charge the same way that a horse-fly is in charge of a horse.

There was supposed to be an Effendi Somebody to direct Harold, for our faithful guide knew no more about Egypt than we did. Upon thrusting us ashore, the tugs disappeared, and we were left to our own devices, which were feeble. The night was inky, we could see nothing. We knew not where to turn, or whether to turn, lest we fall off the dock, and our baggage lay about in disordered piles. We were waiting, but we did not know why we were waiting. All we realized was that we ought to be in the city of Suez in Egypt, but we could see no city.

Without warning, an Egyptian dock person clattered up in a famous small American car, and began tossing our bags into it. He paid no attention whatever to us. We spoke to him in kindly tones but he made no reply. Harold dashed about frantically calling for assistance, and an occasional creature in a fez popped up at intervals, shouted unintelligibly, and popped out again, leaving matters as they were.

Two o'clock came. So did three o'clock. We were rescued about four o'clock in the chilly dawn and herded into a fleet of what had once been American automobiles, which drove off with their chattering cargo and stopped in front of a brick barn with a pine tree before it. Maybe it wasn't a pine tree. Egyptians told us to go inside. We did so, and beheld upon the floor the luggage which the impetuous flivver owner had seized.

There then ensued one hour of conversation between Americans and Egyptians. We were piled back into automobiles and driven to the custom house, where a dark gentleman in a red hat sat at a desk, moaning and shaking his head with the helplessness of despair. Somebody ordered us back to the brick barn and we went back,

but what good did it do? As dawn advanced, we gravitated between the barn and the custom house, and Harold Demuth could not help us, nor guide us, nor find out what in heaven's name they were trying to do with or for us.

"Why don't you call up somebody?" I asked impatiently.

"Who would I call up out here? I don't know anybody."

"What are we trying to do?"

"We are trying to come ashore in Egypt."

"We are ashore."

"Not officially. They have to O. K. our baggage."

"I wish Cleopatra was around," I said. "There was one lady who would probably know how to handle friendly Americans laden with spending money."

At six o'clock the Egyptian Government suddenly sat up in bed and decided to let us in.

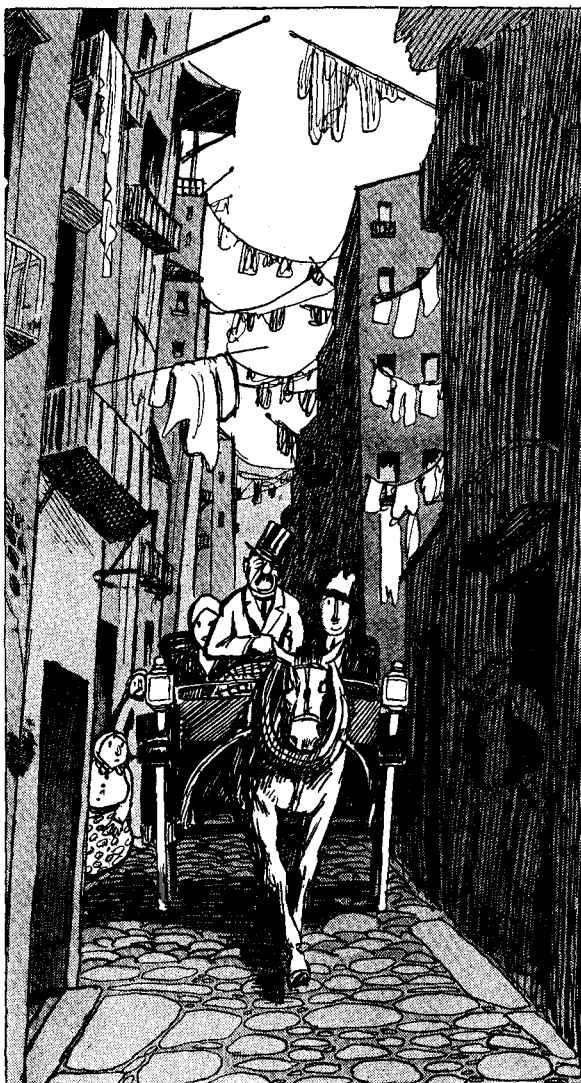
A Pretty Tough Detour

Stepping aboard our caravan, we were whisked away to Cairo, across the trackless desert in the light of a new day, seventy-eight standard American tourists, and Mr. and Mrs. George Lydeck of Detroit. The Lydecks would have nothing to do with the other tourists. They swarmed by themselves. They demanded a special motor car and when the parade started they were in sixteenth position, not a favorable spot in view of road conditions on the Sahara Desert.

American motor tourists who think they know some pretty tough detours in Arizona, or Upper Michigan, should take the early morning dash from Suez to Cairo, over the grand old road constructed by the English. It is one car wide, forty-five miles long and seven inches deep. The seven inches consist of white or grayish dust, which has been lying there for centuries waiting for Americans in blue serge business suits.

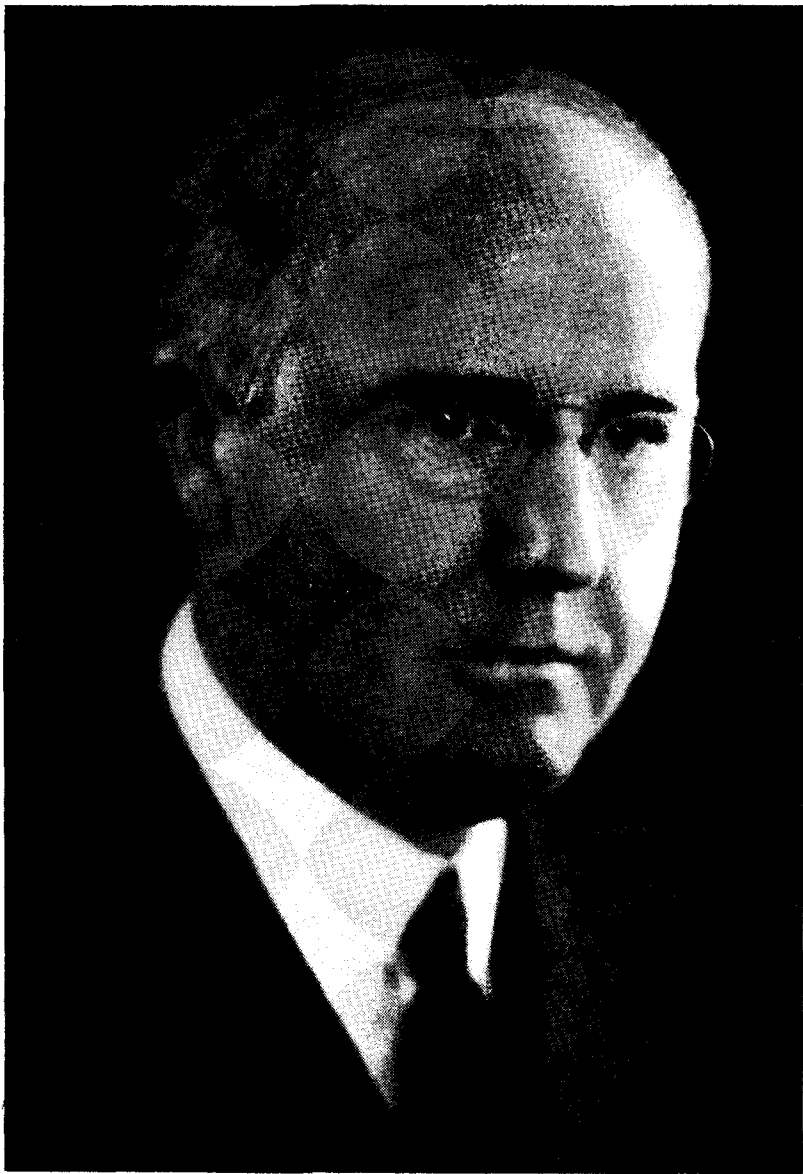
Esther and I landed, by mere accident, in the first car. Harold Demuth occupied car Number One and we were his guests and it was obvious at once that we had all the best of it, for when the parade started at thirty miles per hour, the only car visible was our leading machine. The rest of the caravan clattered along behind, the passengers choking and Mrs. George Lydeck fit to be tied. That pillar of fire in the Bible might have been a pillar of dust.

The caravan (Continued on page 28)



We immediately entered a dark, silent alley paved with cobblestones, wherein no sun ever shone

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The Man who discovered his Son

FOR fourteen years they lived under one roof . . . father and son . . . but the one might have been in London and the other in Timbuctoo.

Shackled to his desk by fetters stronger than steel the father left home too early . . . returned too late or too tired . . . ever to know this growing image of himself. And the son, silent and sensitive as children will be under neglect, wondered why he never knew this man he called his father.

Finally . . . and by accident . . . this father discovered his son. Discovered a human being with a personality, and problems, and a keen mind, and a thousand questions to ask, and a whipping interest in the world around him. Discovered a pal who wanted to talk about Babe Ruth, and Mussolini, and why a golf ball stopped dead on the green . . . or ought to. Discovered a friend, a worshipper . . . a son.

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golf a week instead of three nights at your desk. Another may cut office overhead 15%. Somewhere along the line a Remington Rand man can perform some valuable service . . . if you'll give him the chance to find out.

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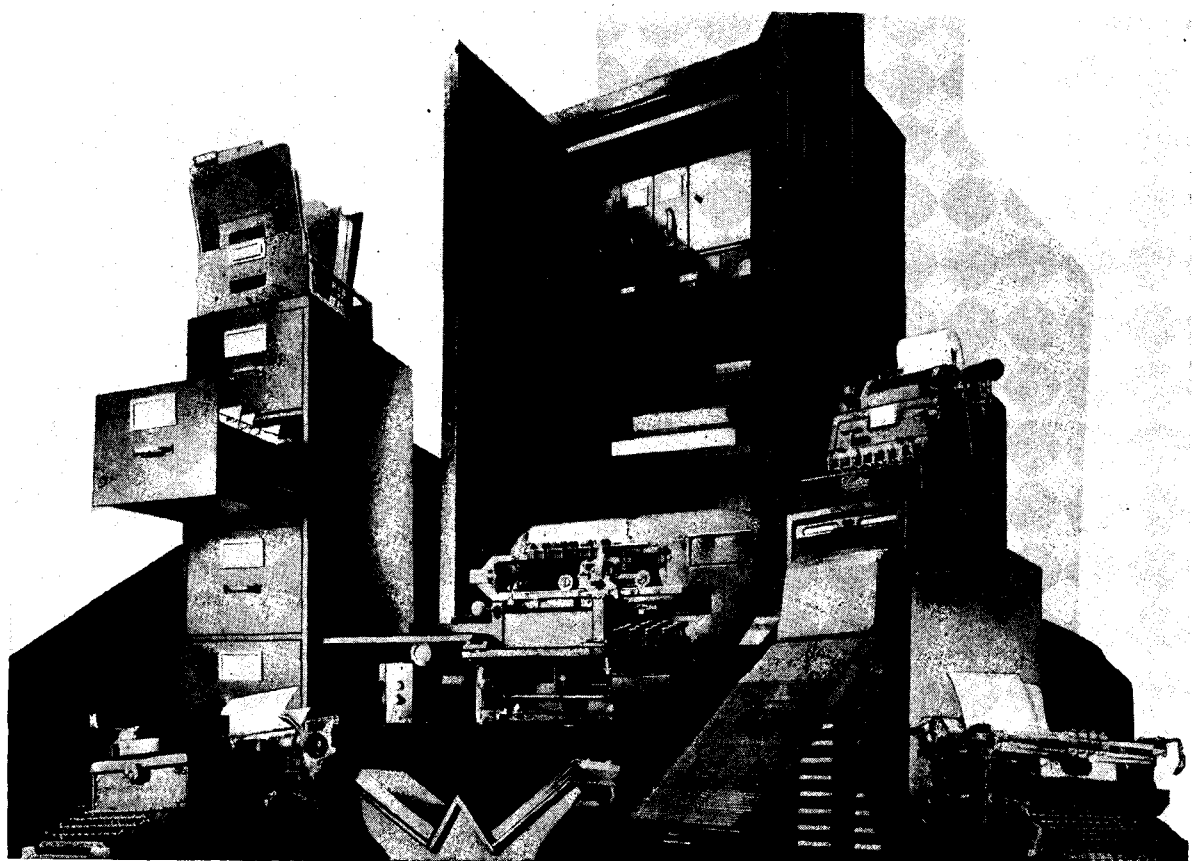
One single idea of his may cut an hour off your own working day. Another may give you an afternoon of

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— THE GREAT EMANCIPATORS —

(Continued from page 24) dashed through the suburbs and presently pulled up in front of Shepherd's Hotel, and I went over the side of Motor Car Number One without a word.

"What about your room?" inquired young Archie Pease, who with the ever-present Mabel Carew sat in our machine, chaperoned now by both Harold and Esther.

"Rooms do not interest me," I said, moving away. "I can be found from now on in the dining hall of yon large hotel."

I may say that my fellow-tourists hurried into the restaurant without waste of time. We paid the head waiter two dollars to keep the place open while we had breakfast, for it was past the regular hour, and while others in my party ordered in a polite way I asked for two full breakfasts, one following the other with an imperceptible break. That meal will go down into time. The first plate of ham and eggs, Buffalo style, lasted just long enough to warm

the china. There followed marmalade, toast, coffee, ham and eggs, marmalade, toast, eggs and ham, coffee, toast, eggs and so on until the church chimes tolled the hour of noon.

"Now," said Harold, the guide, breathing deeply, "we shall embark in motor cars and visit the sacred temples."

"You and somebody else," I said. "As for me, I am going to embark into the large dining-room, where lunch is about to be served."

Mr. Waxman Sees the Pyramids

It is my sincere belief that everyone should go at some time in his life to Cairo, for there is no other city like it on top of the world. I was there but a brief while, yet I will never forget that they charged me four dollars for a new crystal for my watch, and that is more than the most hardened burglar on Broadway would think of. It is the only place I have ever been where I have had to carry a personal fly-swatter with which to spank flies as I strolled about the boulevards. In England ladies carry lorgnettes, in Cairo fly-swatters made of silky camel's hair, and nothing can be more charming than the beives of dark-eyed Egyptian beauties, sauntering down the Avenue Pasha Bey, or the Street of the Broken Eye, at eventide, glancing at the odd Americans and beating Egyptian flies from their persons with a short tennis stroke.

I devoted my time in the storied municipality to eating and repairing the physical damage caused by starvation rations on board the Hillary Castle and it was quite two days before I felt powerful enough to attack the Pyramids. Harold Demuth talked of nothing else, but I felt at first it would be foolish to wander too far away from a sirloin steak. In the end, I saw the Pyramids, and they made no great

change in my life. They had a muddy look that depressed me. Harold guided a selected group to the Mena House Hotel where we paused long enough to have tea and arrange for camels. We had come in motor cars from Cairo and if it had been anywhere else in the world, the cars would have continued and taken us comfortably to the end of our journey. But in Egypt the motors let you out one mile away from Cheops' Pyramid, and this is done so that you may ride the rest of the distance on camels, at a slight charge. This is equivalent to coming down from the roof of the Woolworth Building in an express elevator, but pausing at the fourth floor and leaving the elevator so that the janitor can kick you down the remaining flights.

Our little party mounted camels, and there is nothing difficult about it until the animal rises and throws you over his head into the arms of the waiting dragoman, who knows you are coming. He, therefore, catches and throws you back, and this game of battledore continues until the camel is standing, by which time you have had enough equestrianism for the day.

There will always be in my mind recollection of Mr. Cheops' Pyramid, for as we reached its base a native son approached Ella, my camel, and asked me if I was in good physical condition. He was a swarthy, undersized fellow with a white turban and a red-and-green bathrobe, and although he later informed me he was twenty-five years old he looked sixty. His name was George Pohomull, and he was interested in athletics. I replied that I was in a fair state considering, and he asked how long I thought it would take me to climb to the top of the Pyramid and trot down again.

"All the way up?" I inquired, shading my eyes.

"To the top, sar," said George, "and down again."

"Is there a runway?"

"No, you must climb from stone to stone."

"Well, George," I said, "I have no way of estimating, but I would say roughly between two and three years."

He took off his bathrobe and handed it to what would have been a hat-check boy in America.

"I shall do it for you," he said cheerily.

"You needn't bother," said I, but Harold and Archibald gathered and betrayed interest.

"If you will pay money," continued George, spitting on his hands, "I shall run up and down the Pyramid in eight minutes."

George went up in five and one-half minutes and came down in two minutes flat, and I shall never feel the same about the Pyramids

This was such a grotesque statement that we chipped in and produced a purse of four dollars, or eighty piasters, handed it to the stakeholder, and sat back upon our camels while George climbed the Pyramid. He went up in five and one-half minutes and came down in two minutes flat, and I shall never feel the same about the Pyramids. Breathing hard, George got back into his robe and demanded an extra dollar for his wife, and as it was shown the wife of a pyramid runner leads a rather harsh existence we gave him the money, looked at the Sphinx and returned to Cairo in time for dinner.

The love affair between Archibald and Mabel now reached its apogee and they had come to the state where words were no longer necessary. Mabel's family had paid out huge sums so that she might go around the world and contemplate its manifold wonders. She could see nothing except the slightly undersized male who was going out to write elephant articles for the newspaper if he ever regained a normal state. He, too, was in a coma and would not have felt an elephant if it stepped on him. The dissolute grandmother had lost sixty dollars playing bridge and had permanently bequeathed Mabel to the Waxman family.

Cairo's Night Life

Before leaving Cairo, Mr. Sullivan declared that he was going to spend at least one evening investigating the night life and he spoke of the Salahana.

"What is it?" I asked, always eager.

"Night club," he said. "They've been telling me about it. Very zippy, they say. Egyptian girls and all that."

"We shall go," I said, and on our last evening in Cairo we employed a dragoman called Hassan, and included Harold Demuth in our plans.

"I have now located a guide to guide you," I told Harold. "Prepare for a big night."

After giving the Salahana time to warm up, we entered about eleven o'clock led by Hassan, a select party of ladies and gentlemen intent upon seeing a bit of fast Cairo life.

Mr. Hassan settled us at one side and immediately ordered for himself a water pipe and a dish of hot coals. He tipped the waiter generously and began smoking, and thereafter paid slight attention to the American tourists. I watched him smoke.

"How can you taste smoke after it comes through water?" I asked.

"Very good," said Hassan. "Will you smoke?"

I said I would not smoke, not just at the moment.

"Very nice smoke," said Hassan luxuriously. "Little tobacco and opium mixed."

Upon examination of the gentlemen present, I observed that many of them wore white turbans, but that the prevailing headdress was a red fez, and Hassan explained that red fezzes identified business men living in the city, while the white-turbaned boys were from the suburbs of Cairo.

"And," said Hassan in his pleasant way, "they are all intoxicated."

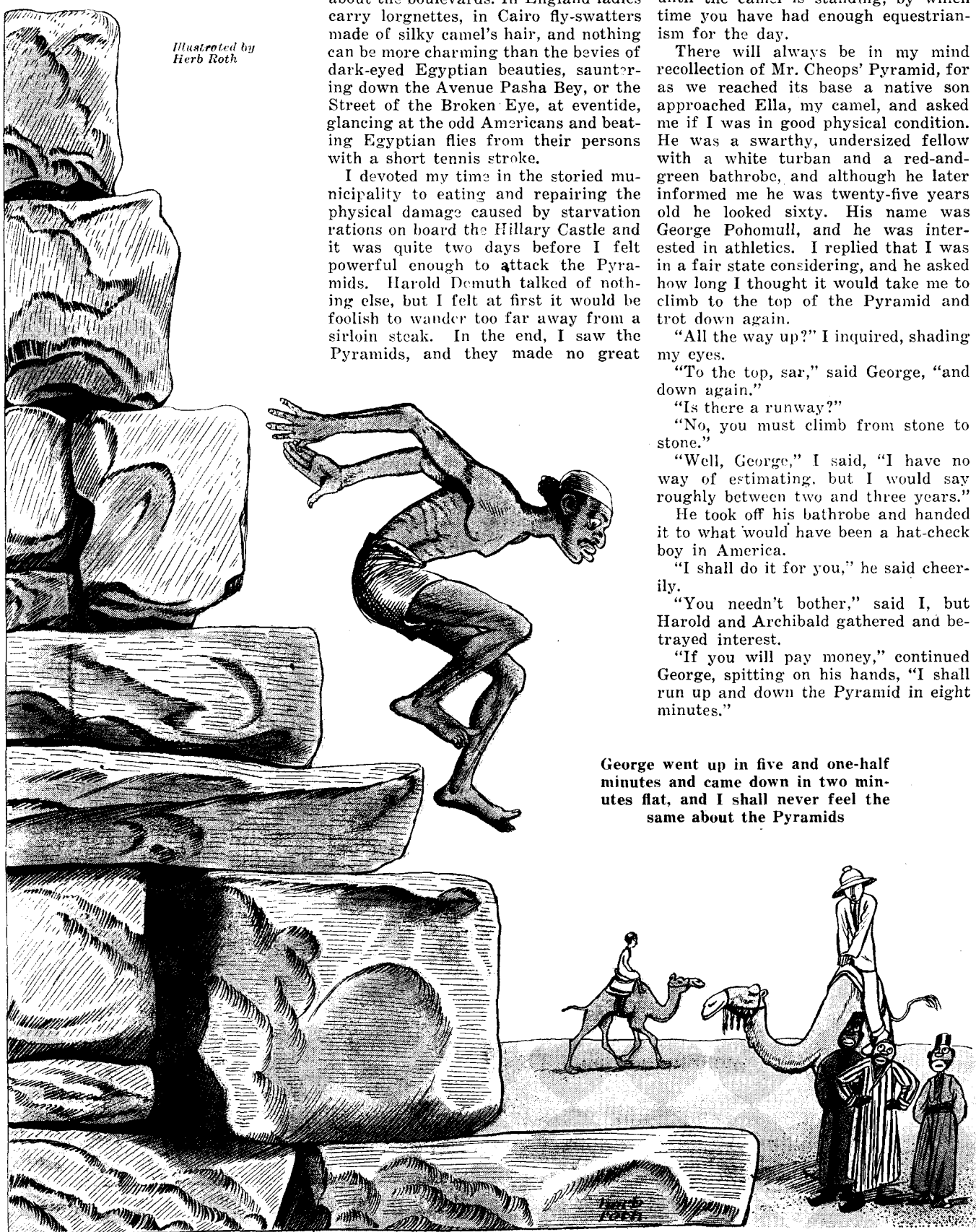
I examined them with renewed interest, for they were behaving nicely. Nobody was throwing anybody else through a near-by window. No bouncer was strolling about and no voices were raised in song.

"They don't look intoxicated," I said. "In fact they seem a trifle grim."

"They are all violently intoxicated," Hassan continued, disturbed by my incredulity. "But they are the high-class gentlemen of Cairo. There will be no trouble here tonight."

He smoked serenely.

"However," (Continued on page 30)



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Once in a Blue Moon

Continued from page 28

he said, "if you would like to go to a resort where the gentlemen make trouble, I will gladly take you."

I inquired of Archie and the ladies if they cared to visit a dive and sit in on a riot, but the suggestion was coldly received and we continued to drink coffee while an incredibly fat siren on the stage sang on and on, sang in a manner most surprising to these Glen Echo ears, and paused only at long intervals upon a bottom note.

A genuine Egyptian dancing girl appeared later in the evening, and her performance was interesting, but not thrilling. One hour on Broadway would have opened her eyes to the fact that she was many years behind the parade.

"Do you know any other devilish places?" I asked Mr. Sullivan, and it was then suggested by Esther that we return to our hotel.

The next day was brilliant and warm and we were out early. The Naples of our dreams was not far away now, and the long ocean trek was almost over, and presently Harold led us into an Egyptian train, dashed us up to Alexandria, hurled us through the thoroughfares of that ancient town in motor cars and finally shooed us back aboard the Hillary Castle, where we remained for three short days. Italy was at hand, glorious, romantic Italy.

The Last Day Was the Best

As we neared the Bay of Naples I experienced a sudden change of heart and for the first time I felt a thrilled interest in the scenes of that earlier day when I first knew Esther. Slowly the Hillary Castle moved through the morning mists, past Capri and Sorrento, and presently Naples itself was before us and the long job was over and ended. The deed had been done. Roger had brought Esther back to the shrine and I trembled with emotion.

Too, I found that my intense dislike for many of our tourists, now that I was leaving them, was dissipated. I no longer loathed Mr. Hawkins, and I had been loathing him silently for two months. Persons who had avoided each other continuously resumed friendly relations, and the gayest day of the Hillary Castle was the last day, shortly before she nosed into a slip and put down her gangplank.

Merrily we packed our bags and boxes, and I hauled out the old golf bag and examined my irons. They were quite rusty and sad-looking, but they would soon be shining again, for Scotland now was near at hand, with its celebrated courses.

I shall not tell a lie and say I was sorry to leave the Hillary Castle. Never have I been so happy over a permanent departure, and even at this moment, when I think of rice and the China boys carrying food to the Secors, a shudder seizes me.

Naples. There it lay in the peaceful sunshine, with its famous bay and its famous volcano.

"Esther," I said happily, "after many perils, here we are at the spot where we first met. How do you feel?"

"I am shivery with excitement," replied the faithful spouse. "And you?"

"Wife," I cried, "normally, I am not a romantic soul, as you know, but right now I certainly feel very spiritual indeed. It was a noble idea of yours to come back."

"Let us step ashore," she suggested, "and hunt for all the lovely places."

"It appears," I said, looking behind, "that we are going to have a little more of Mabel."

Sure enough, Mabel and the grandmother, upon inquiring the name of the hotel we meant to honor, decided to go along with us. We said we were delighted, especially as Archibald also elected to be neighborly and come along, too.

We all piled into taxicabs, hurried through the streets and hauled up in front of the Royal Pronoun Hotel, because I do not intend to advertise the place.

"Here we are," I announced, as we rode along the via Partenope, staring at the white hotels. "Dear old Naples!"

"Isn't it thrilling?" Esther murmured.

"Right back in the ancient city where we met."

"Remember the darling little coffee-shop?"

"With the frosted cakes? Yes, indeed. Certainly is wonderful to be here."

"I can't believe it."

"Nor I. Maybe after lunch I will begin to realize it."

We chattered happily and the taxi roared along to our hotel. The sun was shining and as it was an open taxi

I began to shiver. At first I put this down to the natural excitement of a man who had just sailed into the city where he met the one and only girl. Presently I discovered that I was sneezing.

"Naples seems a bit wintry, doesn't it?" I suggested.

"It is colder than I thought it would be," she agreed.

Balloon Tires for Mr. Waxman!

Harold, the indefatigable dragoman, had a day or two in Naples, and secured an elegant apartment for the Waxmans on the second floor, settling Mabel and her grandmother across the hall. We looked out upon the Bay of Naples and decided to go at once to the little coffee-shop in the Galleria Umberto and order cakes. We hurried downstairs and hailed a horse cab, for in those other days we had done all our riding in horse cabs.

"Galleria Umberto," I directed, and the driver started. He immediately turned off the main thoroughfare and entered a dark, silent alley paved with cobblestones, wherein no sun ever shone, and we soon learned that horse vehicles in Naples must keep out of the way of motor cars, and do so by prowling in the back streets. I was aware, too, that a small hack, with iron wheels, is nothing much.

"Certainly is a rough-riding carriage," I commented, wrapping myself in the robe, and trying to find room for my legs. "Seems to me these things didn't ride this way."

What I meant was that wooden wheels are not as tender with the human spine as rubber. I had become more or less accustomed to balloon tires in the long interval. Esther was overcome with the joy of the occasion and continued to keep a sharp lookout for familiar sights—for something she could remember. We drove on and on, over some of the roughest streets in the world, and through many of its most dismal alleys. I noticed that I was beginning to have a slight touch of sore throat, but thought nothing of it.

"Let's get out and walk," I suggested, and being partly frozen the wife was willing enough. We descended to the street, looked at a hand map and set a straight course for the Galleria with its red velvet cushions. It was in the Galleria that I had asked Esther what

she thought about the general wisdom of marrying a penniless young man. Certainly it would be thrilling to sit again in that sanctuary and gaze back across the caravan of the years.

We were in the Galleria before we knew it, an arcade with a glass roof, and it was apparent that sixteen years had not improved it. We hurried to the little cake shop at the corner, our eyes shining, and in another moment I was aware of change. The cake shop was gone, vanished. True, there were fragmentary remains. Our lovely trysting place was no more, for the spirit of commerce had stepped in and split what had once been a pleasing cake emporium. More than half of it was a cinema theater, playing an old movie, made not five miles from our home in Glen Echo, Calif. On the billboard was the staring figure of a horseman, an actor I know quite well, and can beat playing golf. It was saddening to behold.

Esther stood still and stared in dismay at the wreckage of dreams.

"It doesn't look the same," she murmured.

"Let us," I said, "get out of here."

Esther was not far from tears, but she is a brave soul, always hoping for better things. In silence, we departed from the Galleria Umberto, as persons walk forth from the home of one who has gone. I thought of the thousands of miles we had traversed, the storms at sea, mal-de-mer, stomach ache, rice, heat and roast duckling, and I was vaguely conscious that we had only entered the zone of disillusion.

"Now," said Esther brightly, "we shall go to the little hotel where we first had dinner."

"You mean where we actually first met," I corrected.

She nodded and we hailed another vehicle. "Do you know where the Parco Margherita is?" I asked, and the driver replied with a brief two-minute Italian address meaning "yes." We boarded his car and he started gayly, and again my spirits mounted.

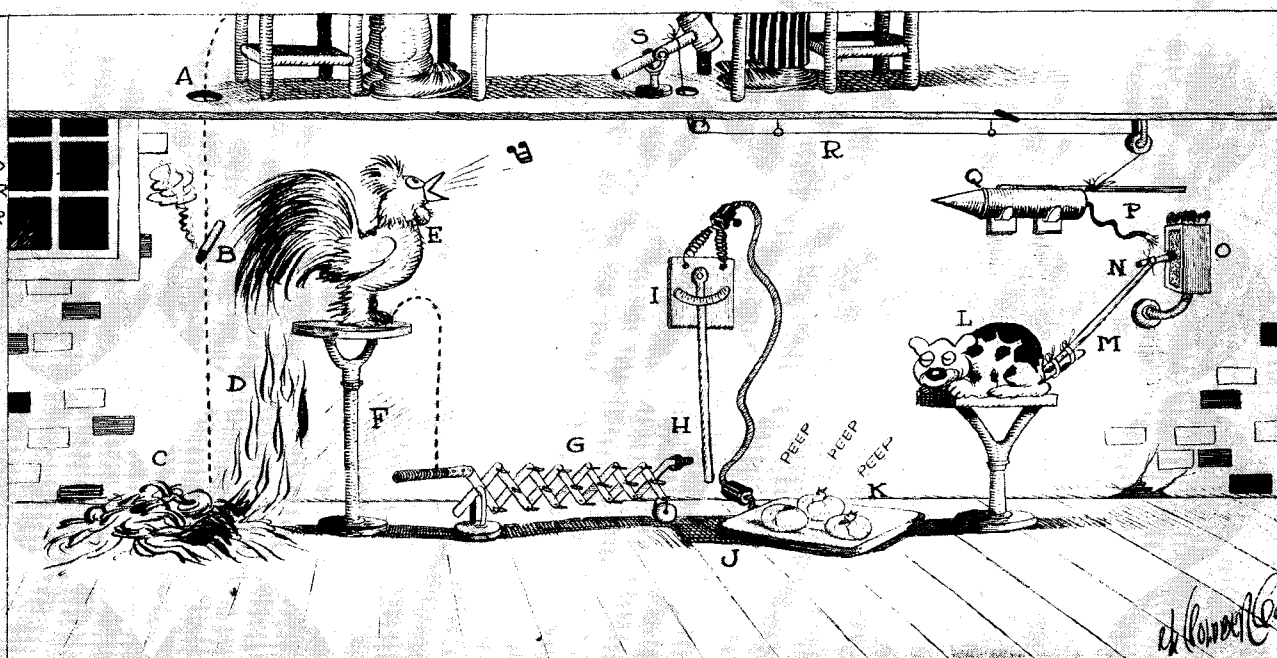
Our destination was the vine-covered inn known as the Pension Poli, and as we rattled down the stony Strada di Chiaia and turned into the even more stony Strada Cavallerizza, Esther again wore her look of animated expectancy. We reached the Parco Margherita,

(Continued on page 32)

The Inventions of Professor Lucifer G. Butts, A.K.

By Rube Goldberg

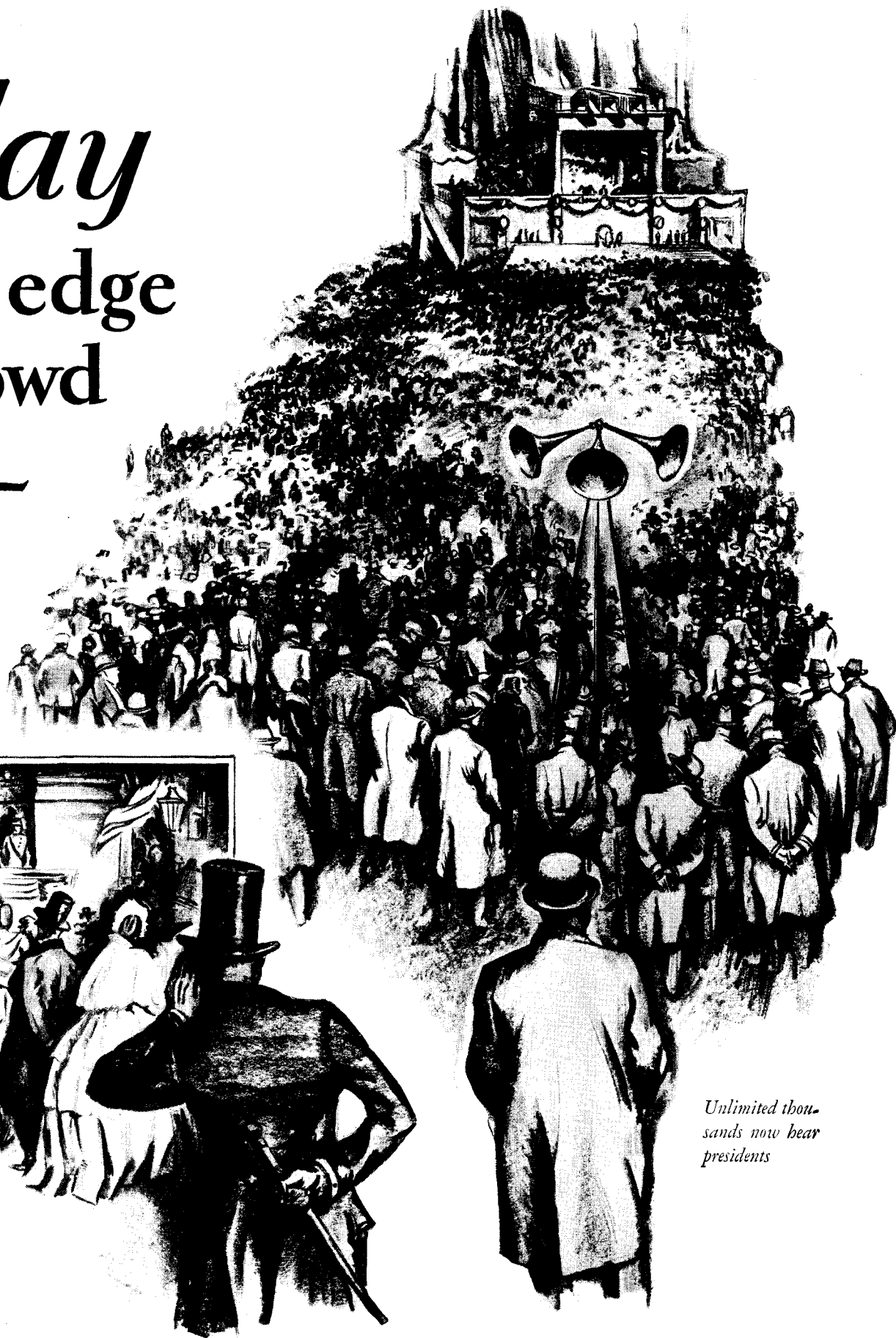
GREATEST BRIDGE PROBLEM SOLVED!
PROFESSOR BUTTS SHOWS HOW TO SIGNAL YOUR PARTNER WHEN IT IS TIME TO LEAD SPADES.
THROUGH HOLE IN FLOOR (A) DROP LIGHTED CIGARETTE (B) WHICH SETS FIRE TO EXCELSIOR (C). FLAME (D) MAKES GLOW WHICH ROOSTER (E) MISTAKES FOR DAWN. HE CROWS AND JUMPS FROM ROOST (F) LANDING ON HAT-RACK (G) WHICH EXPANDS AND PUSHES LEVER (H) CAUSING SWITCH (I) TO HEAT ELECTRIC PAD (J) AND HATCH EGGS (K). YOUNG CHICKS SAY "PEEP PEEP." SENTIMENTAL SPANIEL (L) IS TOUCHED BY CUTE SIGHT AND WAGS TAIL WITH DELIGHT, MOVING STICK (M), CAUSING MATCH (N) TO STRIKE ON BOX (O), AND LIGHT FUSE (P). ROCKET (Q) MOVES FORWARD PULLING STRING (R) BRINGING Mallet (S) DOWN ON PARTNER'S FOOT AND GIVING HIM THE REQUIRED SIGNAL. BEFORE STARTING THE GAME BE SURE YOUR CORNS ARE NOT TENDER.



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even the edge
of the crowd
can hear —



*A few hundreds
heard Lincoln*



*Unlimited thou-
sands now hear
presidents*

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The Public Address System has a growing

use in hotels, in amusement parks, in hospitals, where music or other entertainment can thereby be distributed from a single source to any number of places or rooms. The equipment is adapted to a wide range of requirements.

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Western Electric

PUBLIC ADDRESS SYSTEMS

Distributed by GRAYBAR *Electric Company*

Once in a Blue Moon

Continued from page 30



Enders ... the hair-tested razor blades

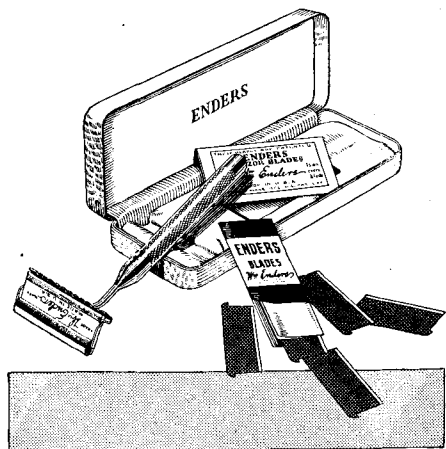
Before they are packed and sold, Enders blades must be able to cut a sterilized human hair at any place along the edge. So every Enders blade is a perfect blade, with the keenest edge that steel will take.

The Enders razor itself is different—in ways you will immediately like. It is lighter... perfectly balanced... has the feel of a delicately balanced instrument. It holds the super-keen Enders blades to the face at such a natural angle that the Enders cuts surprisingly clean and smooth, *virtually by its own weight*. Try an Enders tomorrow. Expect a delightfully different sort of shave.

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105 W. 40th St., New York

The new Enders in the attractive new box with six blades \$1.00
Blades, package of five, .35

If unable to secure an Enders, or blades, write us, enclosing purchase price.



which is all uphill, and our horse slowed down to one-half mile per hour. We discerned no familiar landmarks, no shops we knew, nothing to stir the founts of memory. We began to pick out stray buildings and identify them as the sought-for pension.

"There it is," I said suddenly. "Tell him to stop."

"That is not it. We haven't reached it yet."

"We have gone by it," I stated. "This hill will not last forever."

Lost Silences of Young Love

Inquiring of the driver, we met with a flood of words that helped nobody, and quarreling amiably over whether we had passed the old hotel, or had not reached it, we slowly ascended. And when I had given up all hope, it suddenly was at our side.

"Whoa," I shouted, and the man applied his brakes. I looked. Esther looked. The driver looked. Strange Italians on their way to lunch paused and looked. There it was, the same old hotel, a handsome new building on either side, where vacant lots had been. Instantly I saw that we were not going inside, for the Pension Poli was closed. Probably Mr. Poli was dead and there was nobody to continue his business, for the establishment was boarded up and had the appearance of having been so boarded for years. The windows were covered with scantlings, the door was barred and the locks were rusted with age. Inside, no doubt, the halls were filled with cobwebs, and instead of the merry chatter of American tourists, there was only the faint skittering of mice in a deserted building and the hollow whispering of the breeze in chill rooms long abandoned by men.

"Well, Esther," I said in assumed gayety, "here is the Pension Poli. Looks a bit dead, doesn't it?"

"Rather," she agreed, thinking of those blithe days when we had bounded in and out through those closed doors; thinking of the lovely Italian dinners we had eaten, with Orestes serving us jolly little bottles of red wine, and Mr. Poli inquiring if everything was all right.

"I think we shall drive on," said the spouse, and I knew she was fighting off despair.

"Let us roam about the city," I suggested, assuming a happy demeanor, "and hunt for those pleasant spots we know so well."

"Very well," said Esther, and we did so, convincing the Jehu that we were both lunatics, but harmless. We rode to the Villa Comunale, or City Park, wherein we had sat in those blissful silences of young love. We commanded our driver to stand and wait, while we sought secluded nooks, nooks in which I had thought up nice things to say to Esther.

"There," I said finally, "that looks like the old stone wall where we used to sit in the matchless moonlight."

"It doesn't look like it to me," said the wife. "There wasn't any wall in this park—then."

"Listen," I said, "it isn't likely I would forget a wall."

"That is a new wall," she said. "If you don't believe me, ask a policeman."

I decided that a cop would know nothing about the age of walls. We walked on and on, searching, pursuing, hunting, seeking, questioning that which very few ever find.

"I remember that bench," she said finally. "There was always a bench

just in front of the little brick building. You carved our initials in one of the slats."

"I did nothing of the kind. I never saw that bench before and neither did you. In fact, I never was in this particular park. This is a branch park, Esther."

From then on, the search for the little blue bird degenerated into an ordinary domestic squabble, with Esther pointing out places she seemed to recall dimly and scornful my suggestions. We returned to our astonished cabby and proceeded to the good old Strada Della Marinella, where there had been a tea shop. I could even recall the number—thirty-three—so indelibly was that shop engraved upon the tablets of memory. When we arrived, I observed that the character of the neighborhood had changed, and not for the better. The tea shop was no longer a tea shop. It had an odd look to me.

"Could we go in?" Esther asked, as we paused.

"No," I said hastily. "Drive on, Henry."

One by one, we revisited them all, as nearly as we could recall them, and the sum total was melancholy. There was nothing in Naples that we clearly remembered; nothing to see that we desired to see; no hallowed spots in which to sit and breathe again the romance of old. Esther was plainly drooping when night fell and expressed a desire to return to the hotel; the new, garish, expensive hotel, which Harold Demuth had found for us. As we went sadly to our room, I noticed Mabel Carew and Archibald. They were standing at a large window, gazing at the sunset clouds and Mabel's head was upon the shoulder of the dauntless elephant expert.

"Wouldn't that give you a pain?" I murmured, and going at once to my room I put in a half hour searching for a throat spray.

A Dusty Town

Early the next morning we resumed our quest for remembered places that would bring back the thrills of youth. Up and down the city we journeyed, and at noon I returned to the hotel and discovered that what I had was tonsillitis; everyone had it. Tourists from the Hillary Castle could be seen all over Naples, walking slowly and trying to swallow.

My own little disorder grew steadily worse. Esther complained, too, and went to bed in mid-afternoon and the rest of our stay in Naples was devoted

mainly to spraying throats. You cannot take a large group of Americans and heat them thoroughly in the Indian Ocean, and then toss them into the comparative chill of Naples without giving the whole crowd tonsillitis. Naples is a dusty town, anyhow.

The Years Make a Difference

It will begin to appear at this point that Roger Waxman was a particularly grumpy person to go sailing around the world in search of Romance, that he was steadily unfortunate and that nothing pleased him. Many hundreds of Americans go gallivanting about, all having a good time, enjoying every minute, attended steadily by good fortune. They travel on lovely steamers and enjoy their meals. They know nothing of passing ills. They are in a constant state of delight and when they return to America they regret the trip is over and prepare to do it again. I still consider travel a great thing, and the world should be seen by all. There are thrills abroad that you cannot acquire in your own back yard, and, if you are negotiating for a tour of this mundane sphere, please do not be discouraged. But just the same...

It was apparent to me, after two days in Naples, that the Waxmans would search in vain for hallowed shrines. We did remember the man in the Aquarium. He wore the same straw hat and carried the same stick, with which, upon payment of a lira, he poked at fish that looked like seaweed, and thus proved they were fish, and not seaweed.

We sat upon the stone steps in the Palazzo Capodimonte and strolled over the stone flags of the Via Nazionale. In the gorgeous Italian moonlight we leaned against the sea-wall and gazed across the crystal bay, and all we could see was Archie and Mabel, holding hands, numb with moonlight and love, and paying no attention to the universal tonsillitis. If they had it, they didn't know it, for such is the anesthesia of tender romance. It came upon me that these young squirts were looking at the same moon that had fascinated Esther and Roger some sixteen years before, and that all we now lacked was their roseate vision. They were everywhere, always rapt. Sixteen years makes a difference and I regarded them gloomily.

"All I hope," I said to Esther, "is that they get married at once, and come back here sixteen years from now, looking for yon moon."

THE END

Beginning
in next
week's
Collier's

The Gringo Privateer

Relating the adventures in love and guerrilla war of a young man who raised himself by his bootstraps with astonishing rapidity to the pinnacle of success.

By
PETER B. KYNE

In the Ice

Continued from page 19

high overhead. The rowers tried to keep their eyes on the floorboards. They could not. Irresistibly drawn, their gaze would shift and fasten upon those maddening smears of grease at the corners of their brother's mouth.

Presently Luke offered to relieve Adam but the latter surlily refused. "I ain't tired yet," he said.

"Go on, Adam, let him spell ye," put in Matt coldly. "He ain't 's hungry 's you!"

The blood flared in Luke's face and he half rose from his thwart. He glared at his brother but Matt met the furious glance with a hard steady stare, keeping up his stroke the while. The old man looked at them listlessly. He was too exhausted to intervene. Arthur saved the situation with the cry of, "Birds!"

THEY had come in sight of an immense opening in the pack, nearly two miles across; and along this belt of open water were numerous sea fowl. Their hopes soared; there might be a seal as well. On the other side of the opening lay the ice again and beyond it the saw-tooth crest of the Kig-la-Pait range stood out black against the western sky. It was a cheering sight; perhaps there would be other stretches of open water.

They crossed the gap and began to cruise along the edge of the landward flocks in search of food. Gulls and terns hovered about but these they disdained at first in the hope of a larger and more palatable bag. They had but four shells left and there must be no wastage now.

But after three hours of fruitless hunting they were forced to shoot at what they could get. Fortunately the shot was a lucky one, directly into a flock, and three gulls fell. They secured two, a grampus which had been blowing a short distance off getting the third before they could reach it.

With their hunger stilled a mite, they took up their journey through the ice again, and the appearance of a dark "water sky" to the westward heartened them. It helped for a time to counteract the harder going, for now the ice was more hummocky than ever, studded with bergs and growlers, and the lanes through it more tortuous and difficult.

Again and again they had to disembark and drag the dory across the ice from one lead to another; and when night came at last their weakness was such that all of them knew that unless something occurred to make the going easier or to give them new strength, the next day would probably be their last.

The night in the dory was a miserable one. A thin, cold fog blanketed everything, borne in on a whisper of air from the eastward. They dozed exhaustedly at short intervals, awakening to fresh agony. The cold was fearful to their enfeebled bodies. Arthur whimpered when he slept, all the terrors that he fought back during consciousness flooding over his soul, when the barrier of his will was lowered. Adam kept an arm about him; Luke and Matt held the old man between them.

A sickly daylight came at last. The mist hid everything beyond a quarter of a mile. Within that circle was only the chaos of ice with the black spot which was the dory at its center.

The old man could no longer stand alone. When his sons lifted him to his feet his knees buckled and he would have fallen out of the dory if they had not held him. He appeared incapable of speech, answering nothing to their questions.

A deadly lethargy had seized them all; they had ceased to care what happened. Arthur found himself wondering why he was no longer afraid. As for the others, they had apparently never been afraid and now they had become incapable of any emotion, almost even of hunger.

Luke sat on a cake of ice with his head in his hands but Matt and Adam held their father upright between them and walked him slowly back and forth for a little while to warm him. It was not much use and they could not get him to speak. Furthermore, the exercise was exhausting them. They laid him back in the dory.

"Look here," said Adam, "we're done for if we don't eat. Might's well one of us take the gun an' go see what he kin find. Rest of us'll wait here an' save our strength."

"I'll go," Luke said.

"No. . . . Not you."

"Why not me? You can't hit nothin'!"

"I know that, but you ain't goin', an' you know why. They's Arthur . . . he kin shoot."

"Shoot! . . . Him? . . . He missed twicet on that first duck, didn't he? . . . 'Sides, s'pose he meets up with a seal or suthin' like an' has t' lug it; he ain't no more use'n a baby! You seen what he done with the dory, an' you wanta give him another chance t' wreck us!"

"They's Matt."

"Matt can't shoot 's good 's me, an' you know it! I'm the one t' go."

The old man now spoke for the first time. Just three words and they were like the croak of a raven. "No. . . . Send Matt."

That settled it. It was like the voice of the Sybil, and they gave the gun to Matt, who made ready.

Meanwhile Arthur had disappeared. Unable to endure the conversation, he had gotten up and walked off into the fog.

HE KNEW that Luke spoke the truth. Had it not been for him they would not be starving now. He was puny and afraid . . . he had always been . . . his brothers were neither. When they had been swinging out the other dory and the ice had come crashing in over the schooner's bulwarks he had been afraid and faltered at his line. Adam had stood firm and gotten a bloody head. Had Arthur been as strong and brave they would have saved their food. It had not been his puniness that had cost them that other dory. It had been his cowardice. . . . He had let go his line and jumped. Adam had lied about it to save him from the censure of the others. That was like Adam.

Well, it was not the proper life for his kind of man. Only the strong and the brave should fish on that terrible coast. He had always known that; but his father had felt otherwise about it and among the Newfoundland fishermen the father of the family is a patriarch.

He was going to die. He wondered why he didn't care much any more. The cold and weakness doubtless. He had wanted to be a fiddler . . . and now he was going to die out here in the ice and the flocks would carry his body on until they, too, died, somewhere far to the southward.

Funny he didn't seem to mind it. The fiddling, now; maybe that had just been a sort of dream. Perhaps he wouldn't have amounted to anything at it after all. Yes, that must be it; must be he

(Continued on page 34)

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Vastly superior to ordinary lather

WHAT softens a beard? Air? Plain reasoning will answer "No." Then reason further. Big-bubble lather contains more air than small-bubble lather. Small-bubble lather is vastly more moist than ordinary lather and soaks and softens the beard more thoroughly. Colgate scientists produced the small-bubble lather—millions of men have confirmed its superiority.

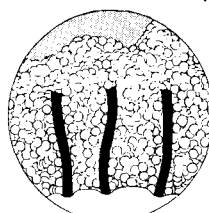
Just plain reasoning

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The minute you lather up with Colgate's, two things happen: 1. The soap in the lather breaks up the oil film that covers each hair. 2. Billions of tiny, moisture-laden bubbles seep down through your beard . . . crowd around each whisker . . . soak it soft with water.

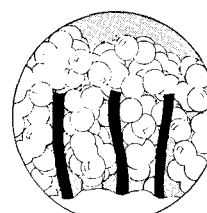
Instantly your beard gets moist and pliable . . . easier to cut . . . scientifically softened right down at the base . . . ready for your razor.

A comparative test is easy—just mail the coupon, now. We will send also, a sample of After-Shave, a new lotion . . . refreshing, delightful . . . the perfect shave finale.



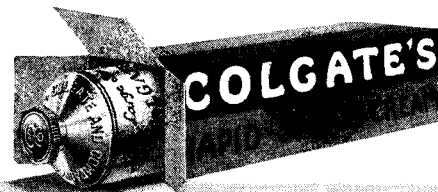
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AMERICAN BOSCH MAGNETO CORP.
SPRINGFIELD MASSACHUSETTS
BRANCHES: NEW YORK CHICAGO SAN FRANCISCO

(Continued from page 33)

would have been puny at that, too, or else he would have gone away, father or no father.

He wished, though, he could remove the sting of Luke's words before he went. They still hurt through the thickening mantle of indifference . . . hurt through the cold and hunger and all the rest of it. Who was Luke to speak of him that way after the snow-bird. If it had been Adam, now, or Matt, or his father. But they, none of them, had blamed him—only Luke.

Soft animal noises close at hand made him turn quickly from his inward contemplation. A large berg lay embedded in the floe a hundred yards to windward. The fog had grown much thicker and wreathed and swirled about it playing its usual tricks of illusion. At one moment the berg appeared to tower to immeasurable heights; in the next it had shrunk to the flatness of a smallish block. Now it was pyramidal; again it was a cube. In a hundred seconds it had taken a hundred forms and the mind was stupefied in trying to grasp them.

BUT the noise persisted amid this phantasmagoria and distinctly came from that direction. The man moved slowly up-wind toward it.

He had approached to within fifty yards of the berg before any sort of stability of vision could be established. There was silence for a short while and then the noises began again. His eyes focused suddenly on a moving object and his heart skipped wildly. The noises were made by two plump bear cubs who were playing and sliding about on the lower reaches of the berg. Near them their mother was standing motionless with her neck stretched forward, sniffing the clammy wind.

Apparently reassured, she lowered her muzzle and fell to pacing backward and forward along the ledge, from time to time cocking an eye at her cubs, who were amusing themselves sliding down the smooth slopes on their bottoms exactly like a pair of children.

The man, trembling from head to foot, crouched behind a ridge and watched them. Here was meat! He wondered if he could possibly find his way back to the dory and return with the gun without alarming the mother. And if he succeeded, what? Of what use would their shotgun be at a time like this? He was given no time to answer.

The mother bear had halted and was sniffing the wind suspiciously once more. Definitely alarmed now, she growled a warning to her cubs and moved along the ledge toward the far side of the berg. The man perceived with a sinking heart that there were open leads in that direction. The cubs, still at their play, began to edge along the base of the berg after her.

The man was desperate but he was horribly afraid of the big bear. He had nothing but his fish knife for a weapon. That meant hand-to-hand. He could easily kill a cub with it but the thought of what the enraged mother would do to him made him sick at his stomach.

The cubs had halted disobediently for a last slide and the big bear had passed momentarily out of sight around a corner of the berg. He thought, "She must be just at the edge of the water. . . . It's now or never. . . . Am I all the things Luke said?"

He drew his knife and ran toward the cubs, keeping behind the ridge which sheltered him until he was close.

The little bears did not scent him until he charged down upon them. One turned and fled for its mother, blaring its terror at the top of its lungs. But the other was in the very midst of a slide and was carried, rolling over and over and howling with fear, right to

his feet ere it could stop. He flung himself on it and sank the knife again and again into the furry coat, crying "Matt! . . . Matt!" at the top of his voice.

A furious snarl sounded close at hand. He screamed for Matt again. The cub under him was still now; there was blood on the ice. Then he was buried beneath a clawing avalanche of fury. Razor claws ripped through his oilskins as though they were silk and he felt a hot agony along his back. He struck blindly with his knife, rolled clear, and staggered to his feet to be knocked headlong by a savage cuff that ripped his ear to ribbons. In a flash the bear was on him and he saw the foaming jaws come down at his face.

Two deafening explosions—so close together as to sound like one—sounded almost at his ear. A hot wind swept his face. The bear fell to one side. A hand dragged him clear and he saw that the battle was over. Brains and blood were scattered all about and the bear lay dead with a hole in the back of her neck and her yellow-white fur singed and blackened by the powder blast. Matt had put the gun right against her before he pulled the triggers.

They wept deliriously over the kill, thumping each other feebly on the back. In their excitement the other cub got clear away and fled along the ice whimpering with fear and loneliness while a grampus swimming along the leads kept pace with it and watched it with a cold speculative eye.

Unable to move the huge bear to the camp they brought the camp to it, and ripped the risers out of the dory to start a fire for their bear-steaks. They made it large and hot with fat, and that night they slept the sleep of utter exhaustion, with bellies full of the life-giving meat, warm beneath the great skin that had clothed their late enemy and savior.

So hard and so long did they sleep that the sun had risen and burned away the fog before they awoke to see a great sheet of open water stretching away to the far-off mountains in the west and dappled with snowy bergs—and the white sails of the fishing fleet.

"Them Lucases is hard!"

He heard the words through a haze of tobacco smoke and contentment, lying in the narrow fo'c's'le bunk aboard the schooner which had rescued them.

MEN were stumping along the deck above his head. Other men were gathered by the stove eating black beans and tough bread. In the bunks about him lay his father and his brothers—resting, before they fished out the remainder of the season with their rescuers. Voices floated down through the open hatch:

"Close shave, though. . . . Good thing we come along when we did!"

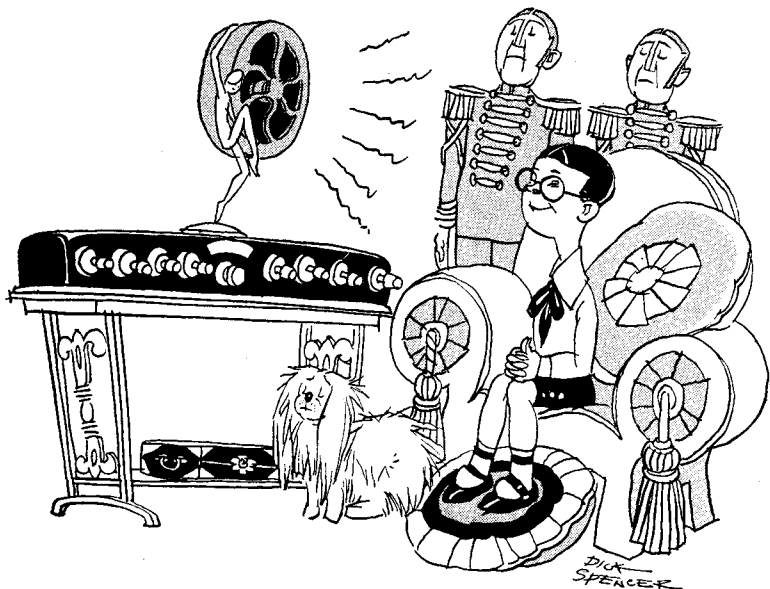
"Oh. . . . They was good fer a lot yit. . . . All that meat. . . . They coulda made Paul's Island easy."

"You bet! . . . That meat—that was the stuff! . . . They say the li'l feller got 'em that."

"That's right. . . . Went fer the bear with nawthin' but 'is case knife. Don't look like he had that much spunk now, do 'ee?"

"I dunno . . . can't tell. Them Lucases allus be'n hard folks. I've heard my grandpap tell tales of 'em. He's a chip off the old block. . . . They was sayin' he . . ." The voices moved on and the wind whirled the rest away.

The five who had fought death so long lay safe now in their bunks. The old man could not sleep because he was so old. The small man could not sleep because his heart was so full of a queer new strength called pride, which was to sustain him through many years to come. The other three slept soundly.



Equal Opportunities

By Jack Binns

THERE has been always a vast difference between the advantages offered children in rural and urban communities, particularly in education.

Radio gives us the means to change this by equalizing opportunities throughout the country. The change can be accomplished by equipping every school

state-wide and has now narrowed down to a choice between the quail and the bluebird.

It looks now as if the quail would win out but if it does it will be over the votes of the realtors who naturally are solidly lined up behind the feathered symbol of happiness.

A Pyrrhic Victory

AT THE time I write, most of the reports coming in with respect to the general rearrangement of broadcast stations which went into effect Armistice Day upon orders of the Federal Radio Commission are about equally divided between praise and blame. As an example Dr. H. A. Bellows, a former member of the commission, is quoted as reporting improvement in the Northwest and then suggesting the advisability of more clear channels. This is a polite way of saying the scheme is only partly successful.

There can be no permanent solution until all the wave-length channels are cleared. This is impossible with more than 600 broadcast stations, unless they are compelled to make drastic time-sharing arrangements. The latter plan is uneconomical and, moreover, entirely unfair. No broadcaster could build up his organization and arrange time contracts under such conditions. The public interest, convenience and necessity requires that fully 50 per cent of the present stations be completely removed from the air.

He Plays Boom-Boom

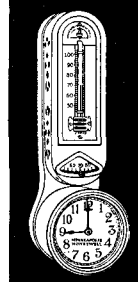
LIKE all the other sciences or arts, music has its own technical terms and they are equally terrifying to the layman. For instance, there are the tympani—the name for percussion instruments. Of course you and I just call them drums and let it go at that, because, after all, no matter what we call them, they will always sound the same, except perhaps on some radio loud speakers.

In recognition of the latter possibility the tango orchestra that entertains us on the NBC chain obtains some novel effects by having the drummer use other things than regulation tympani. If by chance you should ever get into the New York studio when this aggregation is engaged in dispensing notes, do not be surprised at the antics of the musician, who may be scratching a dry gourd with a metal pick, rubbing two sheets of sandpaper together or shaking pebbles in a box. He is the tympanist.

Quail California

IN CALIFORNIA everybody is up in the air over the choice of a wild bird to be regarded as "California's Own." The voting, started by KGO, became

LOOK—
for the Signals of
OVERHEATING
in your home



Perhaps in the homes of friends, you have noticed these very signs, with never a thought of their meaning. Guests yawning and nodding over a bridge game, though the evening is young. Frequent colds, some member of the family always below par—the housewife complaining that she tires easily, with her work only half done.

Look more closely for damage to your possessions and pocketbook. Fuel bills away out of line? An ugly plaster crack? And there is always the chance of a neglected fire seriously shortening the life of your heating plant. As to fire danger, that is a hazard you just don't like to think about.

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The Minneapolis-Honeywell Heat Regulator, which insures the success

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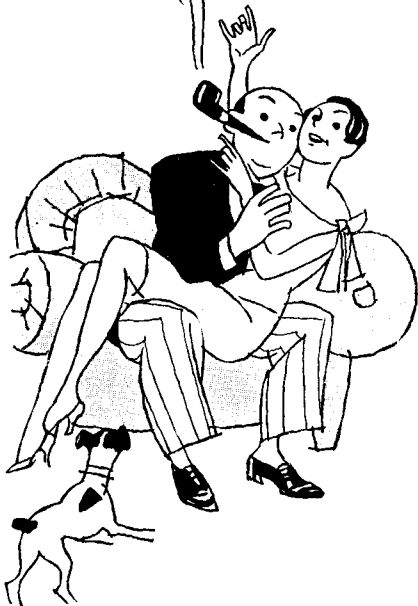
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Wings of Destiny

Continued from page 15

WIVES...
Sir Walter
keeps 'em
mild



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**SIR WALTER
RALEIGH**

Who discovered how good a pipe can be

It's



milder

against the cushions, her eyes looking up through the trees at the distant stars.

"Mill," she said at last.

"Yes, dear?"

"I wish you'd give me Mitzi's address. Or let us drive around there; I want to leave a note for her."

If this was a trap, it was a clever one; and Delavan fell into it by hesitating before replying.

"I'm not sure where she lives," he said then. "It's hard to remember the names of these French streets. But I'll get her address, if you like, and mail it to you."

JOYCE turned her face away, and a few moments later he heard her crying, crying in deep, convulsive sobs as though her heart would break.

"Dear child!" murmured Delavan, hardly able to trust his own voice. "Please! Please don't cry."

"Don't," she brokenly sobbed as he took her hand.

"But you mustn't cry like this—on our last night together."

"Oh, Mill!" she choked; and suddenly turning, her head was on his shoulder, her arms around him. "I know they treated you cruelly, dear, but you shouldn't—you shouldn't—"

As well as he could, he comforted her, his right arm around her, his left hand stroking her hair. Should he tell her about Judge Henrichs? It might be fatal to the Judge's work—to say nothing of what it might mean to himself upon his return to Germany!

And what could he tell her about Mitzi?

If he admitted that Mitzi was working in the enemy's cause, it would not only weaken his own story, it might well lead to a short, sharp trial for the Baroness. No; confidences, once begun, would have to be stopped somewhere. It were better not to start them.

Gradually Joyce grew quiet, and the time-honored anticlimax took place. Sobs changed to snuffles, and those, in turn, to a good old-fashioned blowing of the nose.

"I don't know what you'll think of me," she said, gently releasing herself. "I suppose I've been working too hard—and seeing too many wounded. It gets you after a while."

They kissed when they parted; a solemn, rather tremulous affair. "Good-by, dear," she breathed. "I'm glad I'm going away tomorrow. And—be careful."

After she had disappeared into her hotel Dell told the coachman to drive to No. 37 rue de Barbonne. He didn't have the best of times with himself on the way over.

The new Chief in Paris was a middle-aged, spectacled man with prominent brown eyes, bald and professional; and having first looked at Delavan with large curiosity, he silently called his attention to the fact that the swords no longer hung on the wall beneath the picture of the bull-fight.

"I have orders for you," he said then. "You are to return to headquarters—at once."

Delavan didn't like the sound of that peremptory "at once."

"They seem to be in a hurry," he said. And glancing again toward the empty pews, he added, "Do you think I have a trial waiting for me?"

"I doubt it," said the other. "I saw the report which was sent to headquarters—and I knew Goya. Here; I'll show you what they say about your return—"

Dell read a short paragraph from a decoded message. It was laconic enough, but it could hardly be called grim. He was to return to Charleville at once.

"Myself," continued the other, "I think they are glad that Goya is gone. He had grown too overbearing, and he was always too fanatical. That charming idea of his, for instance, of assassinating the British Premier—it wouldn't sound entertaining in our own high places. There are such things as reprisals, both during and after a war. Oh, yes; Goya was rapidly becoming impossible. In fact, I have heard it hinted that you came down to remove him—a theory which will find support now that you are returning as soon as the deed is done."

Dell shrugged his shoulders. Among his other disillusionments was a theory that human nature would always prefer to follow the false idea rather than the true one.

"How am I to get back?" he asked.

"By the same method which brought you here—the same taxi—even the same taxi-driver. Here is a pass to the Neuilly field, if your uniform isn't enough. You are to be there at ten o'clock tomorrow. Between ten and ten-thirty you will see your bus arrive from the north. In you get, and off you go—in plenty of time for lunch at Charleville."

"Before you go," he concluded, "here is a letter for you. It was handed in a few moments before you came, and I promised that you should have it before leaving Paris."

As Delavan had expected, the handwriting was Mitzi's.

"Dear Mill: I didn't know Joyce was here. We must talk this over. Drop in and see me any time after ten this evening. Duty holds me fast till then. Meanwhile, as always, *Tout à vous. M.*"

The clock on St. Bernard's was striking nine when Dell left No. 37. A full day, already, in his pursuit of adventure, he told himself—to say nothing of the meeting still to come!

"I wish the Judge were here," he uneasily thought. "So much is happening that I can't write down—and besides, he might find some way of telling Joyce. . . ."

BUT the enemy line of communications into Paris: Dell wouldn't forget that in a hurry. Nor how their intelligence was secured—and transmitted. More than once he had considered writing his discoveries to Judge Henrichs, but with the system of censorship existing in Paris he knew that his letter would be opened and read before leaving the city—and would probably be acted upon a few hours later.

"Then neither the judge nor myself would get any credit," he thought. "And not only that, but if No. 37 has a representative in the censorship office—and I'm pretty sure they have—I know what would happen to me when I return to Charleville!"

He could understand Mitzi's concern at being seen by Joyce. Oh, but that had been a delicate minute! One false step, one wrong word, and fate might well have thrown its shadow on the wall. There had always been an indefinable rivalry between Joyce and Mitzi—that subtle antagonism which sometimes exists between the growth of youth and the settled charm of maturity.

"Yes, Joyce would have had things straightened out, if she had seen half a chance," thought Delavan. Might still

do it, for that matter, if she could describe Mitzi accurately enough to be recognized by the authorities.

"Unless she thought that her arrest might involve me, as well," he continued. "But at least the ice is getting thin for Mitzi. I'm glad we're going to talk things over."

But if Mitzi was concerned about the thinness of the ice beneath her graceful feet, she showed no sign of it when Dell appeared a few minutes past ten.

Her apartment was on the top floor of a residential hotel overlooking the Seine—an old, reconstructed palace where the stairway might have been designed by a Michelangelo and the walls were thick enough to withstand old-fashioned cannon.

"Dear boy, come in," said the Baroness, opening the door herself. And to the portress who had guided Delavan up the stairway and along the intricate corridor, "To anyone else this evening, Céleste, I am not at home."

THAT night had brought a chill with it. On the hearth of a carved stone mantelpiece a fire was crackling, its golden flame fretted with the dark shadows of the chimney behind. Mitzi was wearing a negligee of primrose colored silk. Before the fire, on a stool, stood a tray with cups and saucers.

"I'm betting on this," she said, "that you didn't stop at the Lanterne to finish your coffee tonight."

"You must think me stupid for taking Joyce to the Lanterne," said Dell, trying to talk as though he were only idly chatting while the coffee was being poured. "But I hadn't seen you since Monday; and when I telephoned at six o'clock they said you were out of town."

"With Major Morin," she explained. "He has been very trying today. Something important is about to happen, and he would only be mysterious with me. Two lumps, dear? I have been visiting friends near Amiens where the British General Staff sits every day and tells Foch 'No; we cannot do this' and 'No; we cannot do that.' Which Major Morin says is called the higher strategy, because if a French generalissimo fails, there may still be a Marlborough or a Wellington on the British staff."

Laughing a little, she stirred her coffee.

"But this morning," she continued, "something important happened, and the major was so mysterious that I finally said to him, 'You seem to think me a silly girl and not to be trusted. Very well, M'sieur, since apparently we have arrived at the time when we can no longer exchange those confidences of the soul without which friendship is but a guarded acquaintance, I am returning to Paris, *tout de suite*, and so good-by, forever!'"

"What did he say to that?" asked Dell.

"Why, he became more sensible," said Mitzi, as though slightly surprised by the question, "and, his leave not having expired yet, he returned to Paris with me this afternoon. The important news is something about the American army, and a visit which General Pershing made on the British staff. And just as I perceived that he was in the mood to tell me about it I walked into the Lanterne and found Joyce staring at me. So perceiving that she must either come to my table, or I must go to her, I tried to drop the major and accept the lesser of two evils. And, oh, Mill, you saw for yourself what a narrow escape it was!"

"I lived a few years myself when

Morin joined us," said Dell, "especially when I saw that Joyce wanted to speak to him."

"You think she suspects?"

"I don't think; I know."

"But only me, of course. She has no idea that you—"

"Hasn't she?"

"Mill! How did she guess it?"

"Partly, I'm afraid, because I didn't have the capacity for lying to her."

"That is a weakness," nodded Mitzi reflectively. "You ought to hear me talking to Morin. And yet—she was dining with you," she continued.

"Call it a friendly truce."

"Which extends to me?"

"I'm afraid not," Dell slowly answered. "She's going north tomorrow; but if I were you, I'd leave Paris for a few days."

"A mild indisposition, I think, would do as well," said Mitzi thoughtfully.

She poured coffee again.

"I never thought Joyce would be so dangerous," she said in a low voice.

DELL, who had been watching the fire, looked up at her with sudden intensity. Beneath the quietness of Mitzi's voice was a note of menace which apparently she wasn't even trying to conceal.

Delavan curbed his quick protest—veiled his sharp glance.

"Oh, Joyce is all right," he said. "We'll all be friends again after the war."

"That's very pretty," said Mitzi in the same low voice. "But if I were arrested now, I might not live to see the end of the war. I therefore repeat that Joyce is dangerous."

"She's playing with me," thought Dell; and rather inelegantly added, "This is the way she works the major." But strive as he might, he could only see one way of answering the move which Mitzi had made—and that was precisely the move which she wanted him to make.

"You leave Joyce alone," he said, "and I think I can promise that she'll leave you alone."

"In other words," said Mitzi, smiling, "she will include me in her friendly truce?"

"I will see her in the morning about it."

"And you'll let me know, of course. If I don't hear from you, I shall know that she wants no truce."

When coffee was over, Mitzi took a guitar from the wall and seated herself in a chaise longue opposite Dell. First she played and sang Jocelyn's Berceuse:

"... Far from the noisy throng
By song birds lulled to rest,
Where rocked the branches high
By breezes soft caressed.
Softly the hours rolled on
By sorrow all unharmed,
Binding my fate to thee,
A sweet existence charmed.
Awake not yet from thy repose;
A fair dream spirit hovers near thee,
Weaving a web of golden rows
To dreamland's happy isle to bear thee.
Sleep on; it is not yet the dawn.
Angels guard thee with love till morn..."

Delavan abruptly arose and walked to the window.

"As soon as she's through playing this, I'll get away," he thought. But then another reflection made him pause. Mitzi's English major; what had he told her about the plans for the American army and Pershing's call on the staff?

"It may be something about a surprise attack," he thought, "but if the Germans know in advance that it's coming, the surprise is going to be on the wrong side."

When the song was over he said, "A

pretty thing, Mitzi, but dangerous. . . . Did you sing it to Major Morin just before he told you about Pershing?"

Mitzi smiled at him from under her sweeping lashes.

"No, dear," she said. "He hasn't told me yet. Tomorrow night is his last night before returning to duty. And that is the night—the last night—which I have always found best for the exchange of confidences. Besides, I wanted you here tonight." And in a gentle, lazy voice: "I hope you are not sorry?"

Drawing a deep breath, Delavan said to himself, "I must get away." And aloud: "The only thing I'm sorry about is this—I have an appointment at eleven o'clock tonight in the rue de Barbonne. I must run away now."

"Oh, break your appointment," she said in the same voice as before.

"I can't," he replied. And, imagination helping him, he cryptically added, "A message from the Chief. I'm going back to Charleville tomorrow morning."

And in truth he was glad to get away. Beginning with Mitzi's clever bargaining: "I never thought Joyce would be so dangerous," the whole evening had gradually fallen flat—not only flat but in some indefinable way, threatening.

"Perhaps she doesn't like it because I've been seeing Joyce," he thought, "and perhaps she doesn't like it because Joyce wouldn't tell on me, but might have been ready to make trouble for her." And while he was guessing these things, Mitzi's mind was not inactive. She, too, could probably sense that, for whatever cause, it was no longer the night for starlight and soft guitars.

"Well, good night, and good luck," she said when Delavan stood ready to go. "And don't forget—you're to write me in the morning about Joyce."

He thought she closed the door after him rather quickly.

"She may phone No. 37," he told himself, "so I'll drop in at eleven o'clock and ask if there are any further instructions."

As he strode along, gratefully breathing the cool air of the night, he found that his thoughts kept turning more and more to Major Morin and General Pershing's visit to the British General Staff.

"If there were only some way of warning the major not to tell—" he mused.

But for one thing he would first have to find Morin. And after he had found him, what then? Dell couldn't warn him about Mitzi without disastrous results not only for her but for himself as well. Even to hint that she was indiscreet might be fatal, for the major was evidently not particularly discreet himself and might easily tell Mitzi anything that Dell had said.

"And yet I can't get it out of my head that it's something important," he told himself. "... If there were only some way of putting the major out of business until his leave was up, and then shipping him back to headquarters. . . . Or kidnapping him and putting him on a vessel bound for England," he added with an incorrigible touch of his old romanticism.

NO. 37 was dark when he reached the rue de Barbonne, but the Café de la Lanterne was bright enough.

"The new Chief may be there," thought Dell. "I'll have a look."

He was walking slowly around among the tables when a friendly voice hailed him, "Er—Lieutenant. . . !"

Delavan turned, the thrill of premonition running over him. Yes! . . . It was Major Morin sitting at a table with another British officer—Major Morin, gray and graceful, his eyes already a bit too bright with the light which the Lanterne had brought him.

(To be continued next week)



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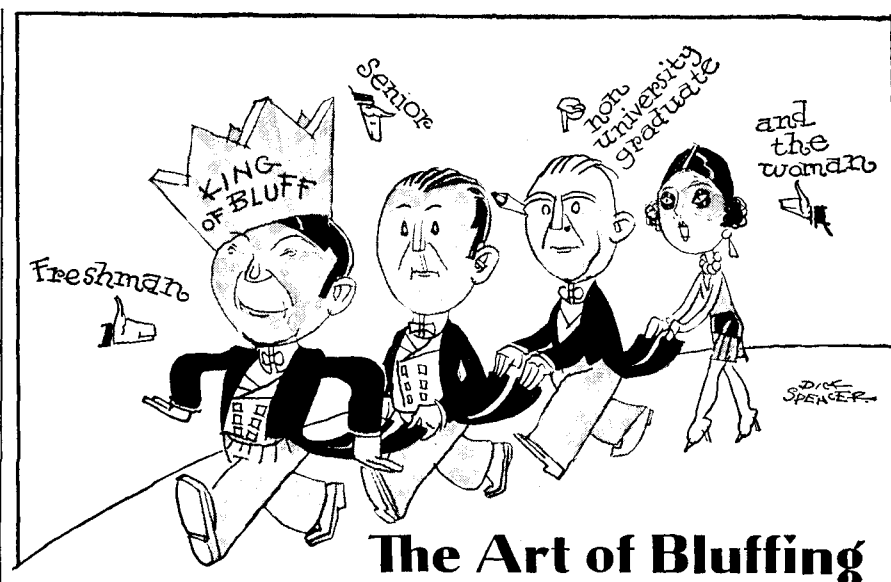
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The Art of Bluffing

By Edwin E. Slosson

CAN you define "psychoterminality"? If you can't, you know more than 21 out of 29 students in the University of Pennsylvania, for when Professor S. W. Fernsberger asked a class in an examination to explain its meaning he got expositions of this nonexistent subject from more than two thirds of the students.

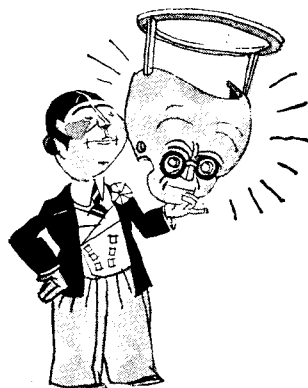
But the most thorough investigation of the extent of the fine art of bluffing has been made by Ernest F. Thelin and Paul C. Scott of the University of Cincinnati on 100 university and 47 high-school students, as well as on 58 persons who had not had the advantages of higher education.

The students were asked to underline the name of the character using alleged quotations from Macbeth and Hamlet, many of them fictitious. Or to designate the authors of certain unwritten books. Or in a vocabulary test to define certain words coined for the occasion.

Bluffing is defined by the investigators as "pretending to have greater knowledge than is actually possessed." The amount of bluffing done by different students varied from 5 to 81 per cent. Half the students bluffed 46.58 per cent or more. One fourth of them bluffed 60.97 per cent or more. Only one fourth of them bluffed 30.35 per cent or less. The freshmen bluffed most; seniors least. The men bluffed a little more than the women. The students who ranked highest academically averaged lowest scores in bluffing.

The non-university group, consisting of bookkeepers, toolmakers, chauffeurs, salesmen and laundrymen of about the same age, bluffed less than those who had had training in this art in college. Their average bluffing score was only 25.7 per cent. Four of the outsiders did no bluffing.

It appears from this that our educational system trains to dishonesty and pretentiousness, to false assumption of knowledge and concealment of ignorance, which is the opposite of what it is intended to do. For education has for its aim quite as much the defining of one's area of ignorance as the extending of one's area of knowledge.



I do not see that pretending to recognize Shakespearean quotations or professing to have read novels that have never been written will do any serious harm to anybody, but think of the danger of turning loose upon the world doctors and engineers who have for years indulged in the practice of asserting as known facts statements that are both false and fictitious!

Which Race Do You Like Most?

AND let me tell you of another such investigation. The psychologist, now that he has learned how to use mathematics, does not hesitate to tackle the most intangible questions of the mind and of the emotions. At the University of Chicago, L. L. Thurstone has made a study of national preferences. He tested a group of 239 students, intentionally mixed in regard to racial antecedents and religion.

Each was asked to answer the question: "Which of these two nationalities or races would you in general prefer to associate with?" The 21 races or nationalities were presented in pairs such as American-Hindu, English-Swede, Japanese-Italian, etc. Then from the preferences between each pair, by a process of mathematical manipulation that I will not explain to the reader since I do not understand it myself, the investigator constructed a scale which gave the rank and order of the combined preferences of the group.

At the top stands naturally the American. Then at considerable distance below comes the Englishman. After another gap of social distance appear the Scotchman and Irishman, practically paired, and next the Frenchman and German, also nearly on a par. Then follow in close succession the Swede, South American, Italian, Spaniard, Jew, Russian, Pole, Greek, Armenian, Japanese, Mexican, Chinaman, Hindu and Negro.

No attempt is made by the investigator to ascertain the reasons, or rather the causes, of the choices. Probably they are at bottom more prejudices than preferences. Such unconscious feelings are best expressed by Tom Brown, who said:

"I do not love you, Dr. Fell.
The reason why I cannot tell.
But this alone I know full well
I do not love you, Dr. Fell."

I am opportunely reminded by my radio that the same thing is true of likes as well as dislikes. I usually have my radio turned on when I write, and just now comes to me Victor Herbert's song from "The Red Mill": "I Know I Love You, Dear, Because You're You."

"What a Woman Wants"

Continued from page 7

swung open. Nathan jumped, all nerves. He saw her fingers tighten whitely on the arms of her chair. . . . It was a man. White flannels. Yachting cap. Black-and-white shoes. An angry flushed face, that worked convulsively.

Nathan didn't know what to do, so he sat still. There was going to be a scene. That was clear. This fellow would be the sort that made scenes. He'd be dramatic about it. "They're very temperamental people," thought Nathan. Then he heard that throbbing voice: "So . . . you've been spying on me!"

THE man did an odd thing then. Flung up his arms in a sweeping gesture. "Spying?" he cried out, like a man in bitter anguish. "You ought to have a keeper! A new one! You've picked up a nice little new one!" He glared at Nathan.

"He's acting," thought that young man, conscious now of that detached, floating sensation. "It's like being at a play. He's acting all over the place. It's a perfect scene. A triangle. I'm in it."

Then Nathan became aware that the white flannels were advancing on him. "Well?" cried that dramatic voice. "Well?"

Nathan looked up. The rather vague question was apparently directed at himself.

"Well?" Again. Hotly. "What do you think you're going to do about it. Sit there? Just sit there?"

Nathan glanced at the girl. Distinctly her lips formed the words, "Don't go." So he settled back.

The fellow reached over and wrenched his shoulder.

"You get out o' here! You're not wanted! Understand? You're not wanted! That's all that's the matter with you!" And the man wrenched again, excitedly, at that strong shoulder.

Suddenly Nathan sprang up and threw the white flannels clear across the room. The shapely body hit the door with a bang. Then Nathan turned to the girl with a hesitating—"I'm sorry. . . ."

Her eyes widened. "Look out!" she whispered.

He whirled about just as the man rushed upon him. For a moment they wrestled. Then Nathan tripped him and threw him hard. His body careened off the edge of the sofa to the floor. Then he lay, panting, swearing. His absurd yachting cap rolled to the door. The thought arose—"I've a notion to muss that marcelled hair." Then another thought, a queer one. . . . "I don't know these people. They're strangers to me. Not my kind."

He looked down at the abject figure on the floor. "I don't know who you are," he said crisply, "and I don't care. But I can tell you what you're going to do. You're going out of this room and you're going quick. I'll give you your choice of walking out or being thrown out. If you want my advice you'll walk. But you haven't got much time. Here's your fool hat. . . . Come, get up! . . . And get this—if you annoy Miss Dangerfield just once more I'll break your head in. Now go . . . none o' that! Go!"

The fellow went. Rumbled. Red. Muttering. Nathan closed the door on him.

He heard a rustle and turned. The girl, sobbing, flung her arms about his neck. Clung to him. No girl or woman had ever clung to him like that. And she was murmuring queer broken sen-

tences—"Oh, you glorious boy! . . . I'm crazy about you. . . . Kiss me! . . . Kiss me again!"

Feeling remarkably uncomfortable, he drew his head away. This was the oddest thing yet. Even at the moment he sensed that. She was simply throwing herself at him. There were hundreds of thousands of men who'd give their shirts for such a moment with Dora Dangerfield. Here he was. He'd captured her. And he didn't want her. Probably he'd be sorry afterward, but that was how it was. He put her gently down on the sofa and brushed the powder off his shoulder.

"If that fellow tries to bother you again, let me know." He heard himself saying that. It sounded pretty lame, pretty inadequate. But he couldn't help that. A new fire was blazing up in his breast. He simply couldn't say any more. Couldn't argue. Shrank from the idea of fussing with her. So he went out. The last things he saw were those big, stirring, humid eyes and an exquisite chiseled mouth that seemed to have softened and turned sullen.

He went straight up to the boat deck. There they were, Ethel and Charlie Demar, in the same two chairs, close together, his arm still extending carelessly behind her.

He stood looking gravely down at them. He felt old. And profoundly experienced. It was stirring to sense that he wasn't afraid of Charlie Demar now. The fellow simply didn't matter. He wasn't even afraid of Ethel. In a sense even she didn't matter. That was the queerest thing of all.

"How about letting me cut in, Charlie?" he said.

The two of them, rather surprised, looked at each other. Then Ethel looked up at him. You could see that she was taken aback. Naturally. He'd never before acted like this.

Charlie Demar rose with an offhand—"Oh, sure! That's reasonable enough."

Ethel didn't like it very well. Her pretty mouth had set a little. Not much. Just a little. But Nathan had reason to know the sign. He was looking at her with new eyes. As if he'd never seen her before.

"Well?" she asked, not smiling. . . . "Aren't you going to sit down?"

HE SAID he wasn't. He was deliberately taking her in. Thinking her out. She was very pretty. She had nice ways. Oh, breeding. She didn't drink. Didn't even smoke. None of those flapper tricks. She had real natural charm. But she was just a girl. She didn't know Life at all.

"Ethel," he said, looking straight down at her. "I want to talk with you. Not long. Ten minutes or so. We'll have to go somewhere."

"We can talk here," said she, with an air of resigning herself to fate.

"No. This won't do. You brought your car, didn't you. Isn't it on the forward deck?"

That startled her. "I'm certainly not going down there."

"You evidently don't quite understand, Ethel. I intend that you shall understand. You have a perfect right to make any decision you choose. I grant that. But if you refuse to do as I ask now, why, that's all."

She knit her brows.

"I mean, I shall never bother you again. We can very easily slip down there and sit a few moments in your car. Nobody'd see us. I'd feel free to say the thing that's on my mind."

(Continued on page 41)

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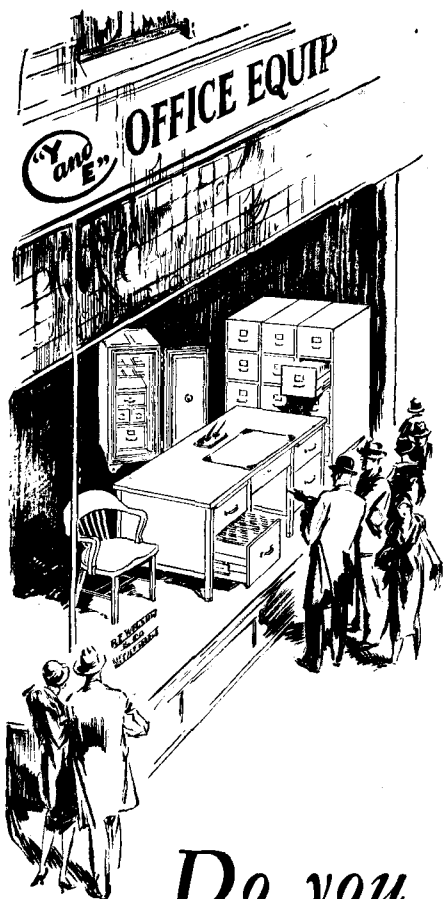
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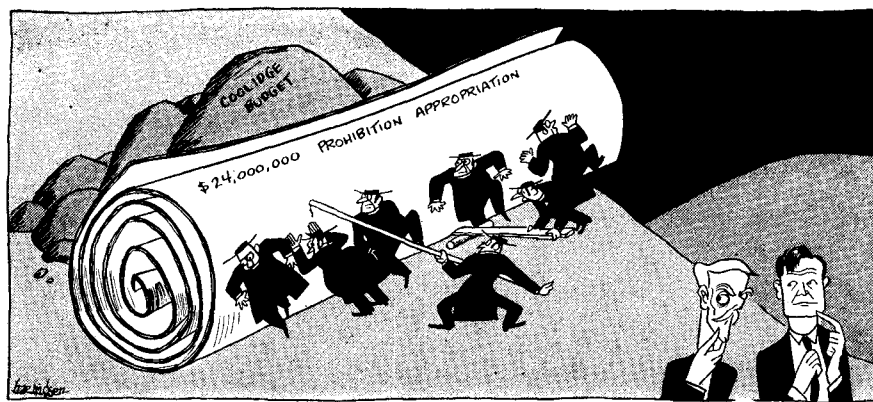
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They're Fighting Again

By THE GENTLEMAN
AT THE KEYHOLE

THE various dry organizations, or rather their legislative representatives, all were caught napping when Senator Harris of Georgia proposed to give the new Administration \$24,000,000 more for the enforcement of prohibition than was originally appropriated for that purpose. When Secretary Mellon protested that he didn't want that additional money the lobbyists for the Drys declared that Mr. Mellon was quite right; that no more money should be devoted to stopping the sale of booze, at least not now.

Then the Senate passed the Harris appropriation, and the dry agents in Washington were all put in the ridiculous position of opposing a stiffening-up of prohibition enforcement which the Senate by a vote of nearly two to one favored. At the time of this writing F. Scott McBride, who succeeded Wayne B. Wheeler as legislative agent of the Anti-Saloon League, is in trouble for taking his policy from Mr. Mellon instead of from the folks back home.

A significant development was that two bishops, Cannon and Nicholson, came out loudly for money to catch the bootleggers. What has happened is that prohibition as a political issue has passed out of the hands of the smart fellows in Washington and passed into the hands of the preachers.

The legislative agents have been too long in Washington. They have fallen into the habit of thinking that they can get farther by cultivating pleasant relations with the Administrations that come and go than by fighting them. But the preachers are in politics now as they have not been since the days of the anti-slavery agitation before the Civil War. They got into it during the last campaign and they like the sense of power that being in it gives them. As a result, we are in the midst of a new dry crusade, and F. Scott McBride, Dr. Clarence True Wilson and the rest of the dry agents here in Washington don't know it.

A Southern politician gave his explanation the other day of the preacher in politics, not of the preacher in general, but of the preacher in politics: "You know Sydney Smith said there were three sexes: men, women and preachers. And Sydney Smith was a preacher. Now when the preacher goes out on the political stump and men in the audience applaud him, it gives the sisters a chance to see what a man he is." He said another thing about preachers in politics: "In the last campaign when there was a particularly extra-

gant preacher on the stump, I used to send my men around to sit in his audience and to lead the crowd in applause whenever he said a particularly extravagant thing, thus to carry him on to greater heights of unreason."

Now that is just what the Wets in Congress were doing when they joined the Drys in voting to give the Administration the additional \$24,000,000 for prohibition enforcement that the Administration did not want. They think that the preacher politicians sufficiently encouraged by success will go on till they make prohibition hateful. To a good many people it has been a joke. It is not going to be a joke much longer.

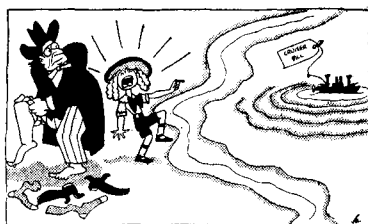
Let us pass on to a pleasanter subject: the rich young man in politics. Many editorials have been printed in recent years congratulating the country on the fact that sons of "families" were going into public life. We were in a fair way to develop, so it has been said, a class like that which has existed in England: a class of men of wealth and education who would give their time to public service.

Well, we have just been witnessing a rich young man piloting an important bill through the Senate, Senator Freddy Hale, Chairman of the Senate Naval Affairs Committee. Mr. Hale is fortunate, too, in that he inherits such aptitude as he has for public life—his father, Eugene Hale, having been a distinguished and powerful member of the Senate.

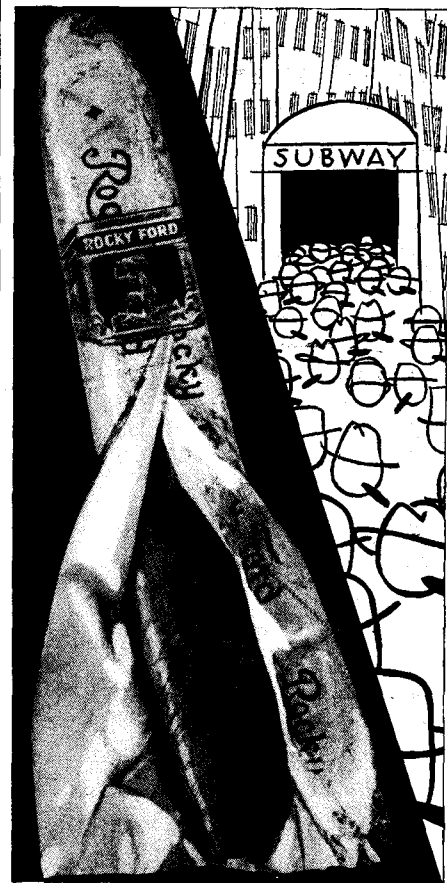
But he has made a bad fist of it. Having always about two thirds of the Senate ready to vote in favor of his cruiser bill and having his bill itself in hand on the day the session began, he has been floundering around trying to get the Senate to consider it. It began to look as if the sixty-odd senators who wanted to vote for the cruiser bill would never get a chance to do so, when the senators in charge of appropriations stepped aside to let Mr. Hale have the right of way.

It has been a high-school boy's performance all the way through this session. And that is what you notice about almost all these members of "families" down here in Washington: a certain incurable immaturity, a lack of knowledge of the men they have to deal with and, oddest of all, a kind of political inferiority complex.

I can think of only one who has first-class abilities, and that is Under-Secretary Ogden L. Mills. He is a very able man who unfortunately cannot learn that popularity is indispensable to complete success in politics.



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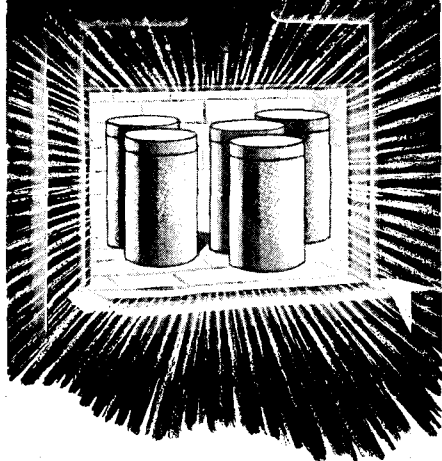
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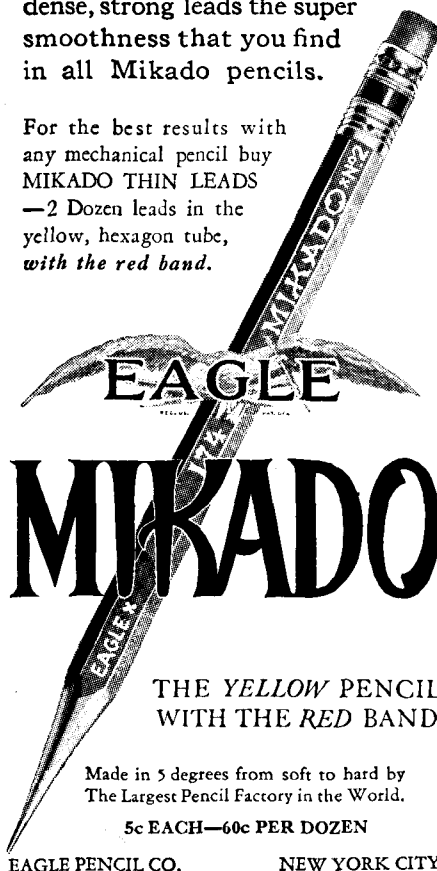
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"What a Woman Wants"

Continued from page 39

I can't say it here. I won't try. But if you flatly refuse . . . well, it's the last thing I shall ever ask. I'm through."

"But, Nathan"—she was confused—"you're not trying to say that our friendship could hang on an absurd—"

He broke in, but without hurry or excitement: "I'll tell you what I'll do: I'll go down there now. Find the car and sit in it, say. . . . He glanced at the watch on his wrist. . . . 'I'll sit there fifteen minutes. If you don't come then, I'll accept it as an answer. It'll be quite all right. But it will mean that I shall never bother you again. Our friendship does hang on it. I'm not planning a petting party. No fear! But what I've got to say is altogether too peculiar and important for a place like this. I'm going now. I'll wait exactly fifteen minutes. After that, if you haven't come, you're free of me forever.'" With which he walked away.

THERE was a lobby on the main deck aft at the foot of the saloon stairway. The purser's office was there, the lunch-room and barber shop. There was a passage beside the stairway and the engine-room leading to a door. He opened that door and found himself in the darkish forward space where all the cars were stowed, those for Nantucket in the extreme rear, right at hand. He found the familiar green sedan and got in. Looked at his watch. Settled back to wait.

The car door opened. Ethel got in. She looked blazing mad. "Nathan," she said, "it's simply not fair of you to . . ."

"Wait," said he, gravely. "It was nice of you to come," he said. "It won't take me long to say what's on my mind. And it won't hurt you to listen. You're perfectly free to do as you like. But as I told you, I'm through. You've kept me dangling for a year. I'm through. I love you. You know that. . . ."

"Oh, Nathan, for Heaven's sake! I didn't come here to . . ."

"Let me finish, please. You don't know why I've hung on so. I'll tell you. It's because you seemed decent and steady and fine. I've been unhappy. I've longed for something, somebody stable to tie up to. Somebody I could work for, slave for. A helpmate. I'm pretty old-fashioned, you know. I want you. Want to marry you. But the time has passed when the conventional sort of thing would do. I've made my plans. I'm going back to New Bedford with this boat. She'll be at Nantucket only an hour or so. I'm going back with her. And you're coming with me . . . today."

"Nathan, really if you've gone completely off your head . . ."

"I haven't quite finished, Ethel. Try to listen, please. That's all I'm asking. Just try to listen. Either you're coming back with me, or else you'll never see me again. It's now or never. Call it an elopement if you like. If you don't want to, it's the easiest way in the world to be free of me. Just don't come back to the boat. Nothing could be simpler. If you do come, it'll be because you love me and have made up your mind to marry me at the first possible moment. I don't know what laws we may run into. Perhaps we couldn't be married before tomorrow. In that case we'll just take different rooms in the hotel at New Bedford."

"You're simply insane, Nathan! Why, how on earth could I . . ."

"It's perfectly simple. You've got intelligence enough. All you've got to do is make an excuse to slip away and come straight back to the boat. We're both of age. And they can't come after

us. There's no other boat back from the island tonight. . . . It just occurs to me that if we can't be married in Massachusetts we could take a car over to Providence. It might be easier there."

"I don't know why I even listen to you," said she. He thought she was pretty cross. But that didn't matter. Nothing mattered.

"That's all," he said. "You've got a couple of hours to come to a decision. Don't worry about clothes or luggage. We can pick up what we need as we go. Just remember that we're down to the elemental thing. Now I think we'd better go back."

She was twisting that mesh bag about. "Nathan, I never . . . you know I've been fond of you, but . . . why, I—"

"Listen!" said he, studying her with his eyes. "For a year I've wanted to kiss you. I never have, you know. Not really. I'm going to now." He looked at his watch. "In exactly one minute."

"Nathan, I don't know what's come over you. You're not yourself."

"I've just become myself," said he.

There was a silence.

"The minute's up," he remarked, and took her in his arms.

"Nathan, stop! You're not fair!"

"I'm perfectly fair. I gave you warning. You could have gone. But you didn't."

"Nathan, I don't want to! I won't! . . . Oh, for Heaven's sake! . . . You're using your strength!" She seemed to be crying.

"Of course I am," said he.

"Now," he spoke with finality—"we'll go back. Your people may be wondering about you."

He got out. For a brief time, however, she sat there, with her hands over her face. The mesh bag had fallen to the floor of the car. He reached in and picked it up. She didn't appear to notice. Finally she pulled herself together. He handed her the bag. She took out a compact and powdered her nose. Then she stepped down, her eyes evading his.

He took her firmly by the shoulders. "You understand, I'm sure, Ethel. Either you come back with me on this boat, today, or we're through. And that's all there is to it."

She broke away and hurried back to the after lobby. Following, he saw her running, like a frightened thing, up the saloon stairs.

When the breathy whistle blew its hoarse signal of departure, Nathan sat quietly by the rail, looking down at the crowd on the Nantucket pier. Either she'd come or she wouldn't. Probably she wouldn't. Hardly a chance. But so it was. He could live alone.

HIS nerves stirred incredulously. It couldn't be . . . surely some other girl . . . a hat like hers. . . . It was!

He rushed in and down the saloon stairs. There she was. With a dazed softened look on her lovely face. No baggage. Nothing. Just as she was. His heart leaped!

"Well," she murmured, "here I am."

They went up to the topside deck. The chairs she and Charlie Demar had sat in were still in their niche. Nobody else about. Exultantly he took her in his arms. She was his. Forever.

But one more queer thought stole in among the ecstatic pæans that chorused in his half-mad brain. She was clinging to him. He kissed her once more, and then with happy tears in his eyes, looked off at the gulls that circled and soared, poised and dove. Sometimes, he knew now, he would be a little lonely.



The only time I get Stage fright LEW FIELDS

"COUNTING since my Weber and Fields days, I figure I have been on the stage at least about six thousand times. So—you could hardly call me a beginner.

"Yet, on some nights, I still get pretty nervous. Those are the nights when the overture is nearly drowned out by coughing, and I know there is an army of coughers in the audience. How coughing can kill a wise crack dead!

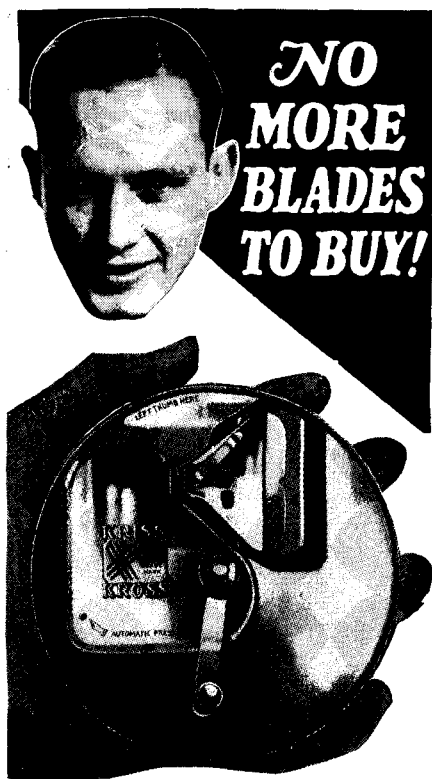
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He spoke like a small boy asking for an extra piece of pie, and Joyce smiled as she shook her head. Opportunity was knocking upon Larry's door that very minute, but he was deaf. He changed the distasteful subject.

"Wonder what's got into Burton?" he murmured.

"I reminded you that he was an elderly man with a young fiancée," said Joyce.

He cast a quick glance at her.

"Do you mean to say you think—"

"He threatened, that night at the Reserve, that unless Helen learned definitely that—that you didn't care for her—he'd ruin you."

Larry's jaw dropped.

"You don't mean to say—"

"I do," said Joyce.

"But you didn't tell me?"

She sighed. "Larry, it all seemed so preposterous—"

"Was that why you made me—I mean—you asked me to tell Helen that—that I loved you?"

"It was not the vulgar vanity it seemed," she replied.

"It's incredible," he muttered.

"Nothing's incredible when an old man loves a young girl," she retorted.

"But—after that—with Helen—Mr. Burton telephoned. Simply to say 'thank you,' but I knew what he meant. Oh, Larry, how can people be so dreadful? He—he'd pried—I don't know how—knew that we—don't live together—"

"I'll forget Dargon and take care of Burton," said Larry grimly. Then his brows drew nearer together. "But if he telephoned you—I mean, Joyce, it's an unbelievable jealousy. To depress a stock—"

"Helen cared for you," suggested Joyce.

He stared. "What do you mean?"

"He's out of his mind about her. He'd have to be, to take her, to let her take him down to Biarritz, where you were. . . . I wonder if she—"

"You mean that he's attacked Rubber to please her?"

"It does sound ridiculous, doesn't it?" admitted Joyce. "And it's rather low of me to intimate that she might be capable of such a thing. But—Larry, she hates me. And—she can't care much for you—now."

HE WHISTLED softly. "I hope to God you're wrong, my dear. Another day like today, and I'm ruined."

"But why? You own your stock—"

"But I pledged my own stock to buy fifty thousand more shares. I borrowed a million, in other words. My office manager met me on the pier. My brokers want more margin, more security, Joyce. A drop of fifteen more points would completely wipe me out."

"I have two million dollars," she reminded him.

"Which is yours," he said.

"And what is mine is yours, isn't it?" she asked.

He shook his head. "I couldn't take it back, Joyce."

"Why not?"

"Let's not argue it, my dear," he said. "I can't and that settles it."

She withdrew from the argument. And immediately thereafter he left the house, bound, she surmised, for his brokers'. They dined alone that evening, and Larry was distraught. Later, over coffee, he managed a smile.

"Sort of wanted to prove how wrong you were to sell the Rubber," he confessed. "Stubborn. Serves me right."

"What do your brokers say?" she asked.

Marriage for Two

Continued from page 11

"Say that Burton can depress the stock to fifty. It'll go below a hundred tomorrow. They advise me to get out the first thing in the morning. It'll cost me over a million, they think, and—Joyce, I hate to be beaten—by him."

She knew what he meant, and, strangely, her knowledge brought her no rancor. That her husband should hate to be beaten by a man who had beaten him in a love affair aroused no jealousy in her. She was one of those rare women who cannot be jealous of what no longer exists. For, oddly, most of the jealousies of married couples are over persons who have ceased to matter. A woman can more easily forgive a present than a past mistress.

THEY retired early, both to the rooms they had occupied before their trip to Europe, and shortly after Hogan had refused admittance to the fourth enterprising reporter.

"It doesn't make any difference, though," said Larry grimly. "The tabloids will have more to print than if their reporters had actually interviewed us."

He was right. Aunt Martha telephoned after Larry had departed for his office the following morning, and she was filled with the tabloids.

"Why, a man can't get himself decently married without a lot of interfering busybodies—and speculating as to how I'll receive you, now that you've returned to America. . . . They even telephoned me, but I refused to answer. My child, will you lunch with me? Good. The Colony at a quarter to two."

In the reception-room of the restaurant Aunt Martha was waiting, and little as Joyce knew of the people amid whom Larry's way was fixed she had read the newspapers, and realized that, informal though the luncheon was, Larry's aunt had made it a matter of prime importance. Mrs. Vanderfield, Mrs. Pulgrim, Mrs. Masterman, the acid

spinster Miss Griffen—these and three others represented what the society reporters would tomorrow call the smartest group in the restaurant. And they were all, even the acid spinster, gracious, willing to be pleased and graciously willing to please.

"You're a success, my child," said Aunt Martha after the guests had departed. "Imagine, at this season of the year, getting a group like that together for anyone less than the Prince of Wales' fiancée. I assure you, my child, that this will do more to stop idle gossip—"

"Why bother to stop it?" asked Joyce. Aunt Martha frowned. "For Larry's sake, my child. Cesar's wife, you know. That's all. Tell me, where is that young man today?"

"Office—or brokers," replied Joyce. "What's he doing with brokers? Never knew him to speculate."

Joyce, bidden thereto by an impulse founded upon Aunt Martha's sure sympathy, told the tale of Burton's threats. Aunt Martha listened earnestly. At the conclusion of the story she stopped short on the Avenue.

"Come in here," she said suddenly.

"Here," was a brokerage office, and Joyce, who had no knowledge of such matters, was surprised at the eager deference shown Mrs. Walton.

"How did Rubber close?" asked Aunt Martha.

THE deferential, spruce young man who had set out chairs for them answered without hesitation.

"Eighty-three and a fourth," he said. Aunt Martha made a sound that in another woman, a woman less austere reared, would have been called a smacking of the lips.

She turned to Joyce. "Larry's brokers said that Burton could send it down to fifty, eh?"

Joyce nodded. Aunt Martha grinned capaciously.

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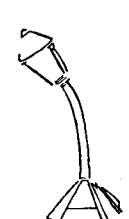
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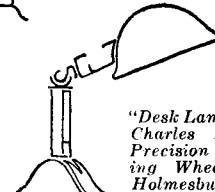
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"Well, that shows how much brokers know." She addressed the young clerk. "Keep your mouth shut, I suppose. I know perfectly well you can't—but, well, Hodges and Brickley won't keep my account if this leaks out. I want you to buy me a thousand shares of Rubber at eighty-three and a thousand more every point down. At seventy I want you to buy me two thousand a point, and if it gets to sixty I want five thousand a point."

She turned to Joyce. "Frank Burton, eh? Get gay with my nephew, will he? *Parvenu!* Upstart! He'd better read up on the financial history of the early nineteen-hundreds. He may discover that Thomas Walton used to do as his wife advised when it came to the market."

"What do you mean?" asked Joyce, when they were out on the sidewalk.

"I mean," chuckled Aunt Martha, "that I stand to lose a million or so or make twice as much. Rubber can't go down to *stay*. It's against all economy. Frank Burton can force it down for a day or so, but—it will rebound higher than where it was. And I'm going to buy all the old idiot offers to sell. And first thing you know he'll be looking for stock to give to me. Abuse his position as chairman of the board, eh? I'll put some feeling of duty into the old rascal. I happen to know that he's pretty well spread out just now. He can't do monkeyshines with Rubber without losing on a lot of other things, and how that man hates to lose."

She eyed Joyce severely. "Don't tell Larry. Teach him a lesson. After it's all over I'll set him up—"

"Couldn't you transfer that business to me? Let me do it with my money?" Joyce was eager.

"You might lose. Nothing certain in this world," rumbled Aunt Martha. "Let you have half of it, though. Good joke on Larry, too. . . . Tonight at eighty-thirty. By-bye, my dear."

What a strange feeling of importance it gave one to deal in millions. Here she was, unable to visualize much more than a thousand dollars, the possessor of a fortune, a fortune which she had never seen, whose existence had been made manifest to her only by the sight of a few pieces of paper, and yet she was gambling for additional millions.

But to restore Larry's losses. . . . To have him know that she could intrigue, conspire and plot behind his back, for his benefit. . . .

The dinner passed off triumphantly. Two of the women who had attended the luncheon were also at dinner, and the unfeigned cordiality of their reception of her proved that Joyce's charm had not been unavailing earlier in the day. Even the most austere-seeming melted for her. It was partly the fresh beauty of her, but Aunt Martha's position and undisputed millions had their due share in the affair.

"BURTON squeezed Larry right down to his last shilling," chuckled Aunt Martha, a few days after the visit to the brokerage office. "But meantime, though my dear Frank doesn't know it, I've squeezed him. Rubber's at fifty-five. St. Peter couldn't drive it lower. Now watch it hike!"

It did hike. On a day three weeks after their arrival in New York, Aunt Martha sent for Joyce. Burton was with the fat old lady, and Burton was not the threatening man he had been in Biarritz.

"Been a bit too much for me, eh, Mrs. Tracy?" he greeted her. "Man makes a bad mistake when he gives warning."

"But you didn't," said Joyce. "At least, I didn't believe—"

"Didn't intend to," said Burton. "You did your part all right. But Helen—"

no use beating around the bush. I'm overextended, as Mrs. Walton very shrewdly seems to have discovered—"

"My business to know all about these things," boomed Aunt Martha's big voice. "Woman can't be left sixty millions without finding out a few things, especially if she's helped her husband make the money. Well, Joyce, Mr. Burton's finding it difficult to get hold of stock to deliver to us. Rubber went back to one-thirty-four today. He'd like to settle a bit under the market."

"Whatever you say, Aunt Martha," said Joyce faintly. She was bewildered by it all, wasn't fully aware of all that had been going on. She only knew that she'd written a check for one million dollars and given it to Aunt Martha—and here was Burton giving her his check for two millions. . . .

SHE showed it to Larry that night after dinner. He had just been rather shamefacedly telling her that their mode of living must be scaled down.

"Why?" she asked.

"I wasn't wise enough to take my losses. I tried to protect myself—and well, instead of a million I lost more than two," he said.

"But, we can keep going as we have been on the money you gave me," she said.

"That is, of course, out of the question," he answered.

"I never heard anything so silly," she told him. "A husband can give his wife half his fortune and then he can't accept it back from her." She made a grimace. "I want to know why not?"

"Because," he said, "you don't happen to be in love with me."

"May I ask," she inquired with a solemnity whose mockery he did not probe, "what that has to do with it?"

"One can accept sacrifices from a person who loves one that can't be accepted where there is no love," he told her.

"Then I shouldn't have accepted the money from you, because when you had it made over to me you didn't care for me," she reminded him.

"I did care for you. Joyce, you know I did. I must have cared for you the first moment I saw you. We don't know—we can't ever tell when love comes—but it seems to me that I always loved you, never cared for anyone else—"

"If you loved me, really loved me, you'd not be so proud," she said. "It seems so silly—Larry, I'd be dead now, but for you. Larry, unless you take—unless you let me replace what you lost—I can't live with you any longer."

"Now that," he said, provoked, "is quite the silliest reason for a separation I ever heard of."

"One reason is as good as another," she said. "I—you're selfish. You just want to be—oh, the god in the machine. You want to be important, want to be condescending. Why," she went on in a rage that she didn't comprehend, "that's why you married me. It wasn't because I was attractive, or even because you pitied me. It was because—no, it wasn't even because you wanted to hurt Helen. It was because you fancied yourself being magnanimous, gracious, tremendously generous. This poor girl. I'll give her my name, my fortune—the picture of yourself, not the picture of me. That's what it was. You gave me half your fortune because you liked the picture of yourself enriching the poor miserable girl whom you had rescued from poverty and starvation. That's the reason, the only reason—and if you knew how I hated you!"

He could only stare at her, miserably, unhappily, acutely aware that there was more than a generous share of justice in her accusation.

(To be concluded next week)



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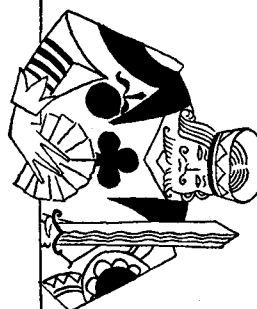
North
 ♠ A-8-6-2
 ♥ 4-2
 ♦ J-8-6-3
 ♣ 6-5-2

East
 ♠ K-Q-10
 ♥ 10-8-7-6
 ♦ 9-7-4
 ♣ Q-10-7



By
Milton C. Work

Author of Auction
 Bridge Complete



West
 ♠ 9-7-5-4
 ♥ Q-J-5
 ♦ 5-2
 ♣ K-J-9-4

South
 ♠ J-3
 ♥ A-K-9-3
 ♦ A-K-Q-10
 ♣ A-8-3

THE above Auction Bridge hand was given in last week's Collier's; a description of the game follows:

The Auction

South bid one No Trump. West, North and East passed. This is the normal Auction Bridge bidding although some Dealers would open with either a Heart or a Diamond and (in this particular hand) live to regret it.

The hand actually was played in a Progressive Contract game at a large number of tables, and naturally the bidding was a bit different from what it would have been at Auction. But it was only the bold bidders who started with two No Trumps who went game, North having exactly the minimum for a two-to-three jump—an Ace and Jack.

It is an interesting Contract question whether a No Trump bidder should start with one or two. A bid of two No Trumps is justified with a count of 17 (reckoning Ace 4, King 3, Queen 2 and Jack 1) provided the four suits are all stopped; but in this case the Spades not only are not stopped but there are only two of them—making the two-bid more dangerous than it would have been with three or four of the defenseless suit. The count is 21—enough for three No Trumps if four suits had been stopped; and with so high a count it is not probable that the partner will have the 9 count needed to jump one No Trump to two, but there is a good chance of his having enough strength to jump from two to three.

Of course there is danger that North may have some such holding as the King and Queen of Clubs and jump to three on that, and that the adversaries will run five Spade tricks and defeat the contract before Declarer can get started.

The Play

At either Contract or Auction, West would open with the lead of the Four of Clubs and South would hold his Ace until the third round, knowing that by doing so all the Clubs would be exhausted except the thirteenth left in the West hand. (West led his lowest and so must have had exactly four.)

Declarer then would see that he was sure to make one Club, four Diamonds, two Hearts and one Spade—one short of game; but that he had one most promising chance for game. With the Clubs so evenly divided and from the

general appearance of his two hands, the chances were that the seven adverse Hearts were divided 4-3. If

so, it was probable that by running the Diamonds, the adverse hand that held the four Hearts might discard one of them to retain protection against Dummy's menacing Spade suit. If so, Declarer's game would be assured.

Declarer led four rounds of Diamonds, tricks 4 to 7, being careful to win the fourth round in Dummy. This called for two discards from West and one from East. West's two were Spades and there was nothing for East to do but discard a small Heart. Declarer led a Heart from Dummy to trick 8 and played the Nine from the Closed Hand, forcing the lead into the West hand. Of course he knew that West then would cash the thirteenth Club, but on it Closed Hand could discard a losing Spade and the Club lead must force another discard from East.

After the first Heart lead, East would be warned concerning Heart discards; but it might be that East held only two Spades—the King and Queen. Viewing it from the South aspect, if East should be left at this point with three Hearts and the King-Queen of Spades, and should discard one of his Spades, Declarer then would shift his plan of campaign and attempt to drop the other honor with the Ace and make a second Spade trick instead of a third Heart trick. As it happened, East's discard on trick 9 was immaterial; nothing he could do then would save the game. He discarded a Heart and South followed with a Spade discard. West led a Spade, Dummy won with the Ace and South's Trey of Hearts was easily established to take the thirteenth trick and to give the Declarer the three-odd he needed for game.

Next week's hand is given below; make up your mind how you would bid and play it before you read next week's description.

North

S. 5-4-3
 H. J
 D. A-9-6-2
 C. J-10-8-5-2

East

S. 8-6
 H. 8-7-5-4-3-2
 D. 7-3
 C. 9-7-3

West

S. Q-J-10-9
 H. K-Q-6
 D. 10-5-4
 C. Q-6-4

South

S. A-K-7-2
 H. A-Q-10
 D. K-Q-J-8
 C. A-K



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Relief

Continued from page 13

"There was a general let-up and settlin' down to stay, so to speak. Commissions and teachers of all kinds began to nosey around after a while. But I, for one, didn't have no false ideas that you could make them neck-nickers over into Democrats just because one high-brow Tagalog had got put in the guard-house, and just by makin' pretty, pretty faces and shakin' hands.

"Anyhow, here was I, Corporal Custer, holdin' a small native village with my squad, and here was she, so young and soft and white like, tryin' to undo with slate and pencil the harm me and my bunkies had done with rifles and bullets.

"WE WAS stationed in an old, abandoned Spanish blockhouse, of bamboo and teak logs, on the river bank. It was a ramshackly affair, two stories high, with the top floor wider than the ground one and seemin' as though it was goin' to slip down over it any old time like a number-nine derby over a number-six bean.

"I had the gang move their traps upstairs, and we cleaned out the ground floor and turned it over to her for livin' and teachin' quarters. I wouldn't of let her go into the empty nipa shack that the commission had picked out for her. Gosh, she was so scared of the geckos and them big cockroaches that ran all around at night rattlin' like tin bugs and droppin' on the mosquito bar net over your head. And the rats that came through the bamboo floor, and the bugs and spiders and bats. Say, son, you ain't never seen no bats unless you've seen them on the Islands.

"We made things as clean as possible, but it wasn't no Ritz hotel when we got finished. How we arranged things doesn't matter a darn, anyhow. The big thing was that I thought it was safer to have her in the blockhouse because I had a fightin' man's faith in bein' ready for trouble even when there ain't none. I didn't trust them slanty-eyed hombres.

"I hung around her an awful lot. When the hombres in my squad kidded me, I bashed a few of them in the jaw at first, then started in to say I was just doin' guard duty. I said I was afraid to let her walk around alone. But after a while I quit makin' excuses to them or her, and it was no news to anybody that we was sweethearts.

"Why she fell for me, honest, son, I can't tell you. That's one of them riddles to which the answer is more puzzlin' than the puzzle. She was a new sort to me, sure as you're born. She used to look up into my face with an awful shy kind of smile behind those big, solemn eyes of hers, and make me feel more tender than tough.

"She became the guardian angel of that whole village and my squad. She learned all them naked brown brats and lots of the big ones to wash themselves, though I never could see no sense in them niggers washin' because the dirt didn't show on them. And after she had learned the kids A, B and C, and where the President lived, and how come; and after she'd tended the sick and sewed soldiers' pants, torn on jungle briars, she and me would stroll off down the river bank and she'd undertake to learn me things. Funny things, like not to say goddam when gosh darn would do. She said gosh darn was the polite form. Honest, there wasn't nothin' she didn't know.

"She'd encourage me to laugh a lot, too. Down there in a grassy clearin' with no one to watch and the jungle

silence all around, she'd stretch out her white arms and say kind of pleasin', 'Laugh, Jimmy, laugh.'

"Believe me, son, I'd swim inside standin' lookin' at her. She was just a angel—a gold and white angel. I'd of crawled on my bare belly through a swamp full of cobra snakes for her. No kiddin'.

"Pretty soon on those walks we'd got to starin' in the greenish water, simple like—and to holdin' hands, not so simple like. Things came slow. I wasn't no fast worker, with her.

"Then one day she clung to me. Sudden and fierce. Goshalmighty! She—she kissed me. She cried and laughed all at once—and kissed me—and kissed me, so hard she hurt my lips. Honest. Think of that—that skinny little white thing hurtin' my lips. I got dizzy all over. Like as though I was holdin' a big armful of flowers. Not them jungle blossoms, either. But roses. It sure was love. The kind of love that comes of lonesomeness and kin of race and homesickness, and all like that. The only kind of love that God is really back of. Else why should a clean, soft, skinny little girl like that fall for a two-hundred-pound hunk of hell's bells like me?

"However, the fact that she loved me was news, of course, but not altogether unsuspected. After all, I wasn't no blind horse. I'd smelled things. And I'd been feelin' kind of hollow and shaky and hungry inside myself.

"But the big thing was that along with the love I smelled something else. Something dark and creepy, like when one of them Negritos beat it from behind a jungle tree like a shadow, or when a crocodile stuck its head up from the river.

"It came to me, son, as she clung to me there so tight, that she was afraid. I could feel it in the way her soft little body throbbed against me. I could feel something a-hammerin' and a-crackin' up inside of her. I could feel her little heart breakin' up into just what she was—a lonesome little American girl. Outside she was a school-marm, but inside she was just a scared little girl. That hot and stinkin' jungle was no place for such as her, with the sickness and the vermin all around. It was only for men—tough guys like me, who when we die and go to hell take our blankets with us to keep warm.

"I SHIVERED all over when I felt the truth that she had dammed up behind her spunky guts for so many weeks. You see, she had gone there on a crazy stunt, and then stuck to the job through pride and guts—and love for me, after she'd seen what things were like. While inside, all the time, she was meltin' with fear. Jungle fear! I'd seen big men go loco from it. Fear of the sneakin' Moros. Fear of the bolos that kiss your windpipe at midnight. Of the little black men that grinned at you from the trees like human monkeys. Fear of the black swamps where no sun ever got in and no white man who got in ever got out. Fear of the strange drum beatin' far off at night, of the strange animal howlin's—they might of been animals and they might of been Moros. Fear of the things that none of us was savvy to. The lyin' grins in the natives' eyes.

"And the fear, worst of all, of the swollen bodies without heads that came floatin' down the river every so often. Bodies of boys from Kansas and Philadelphia, like you and me. Boys who

(Continued on page 46)



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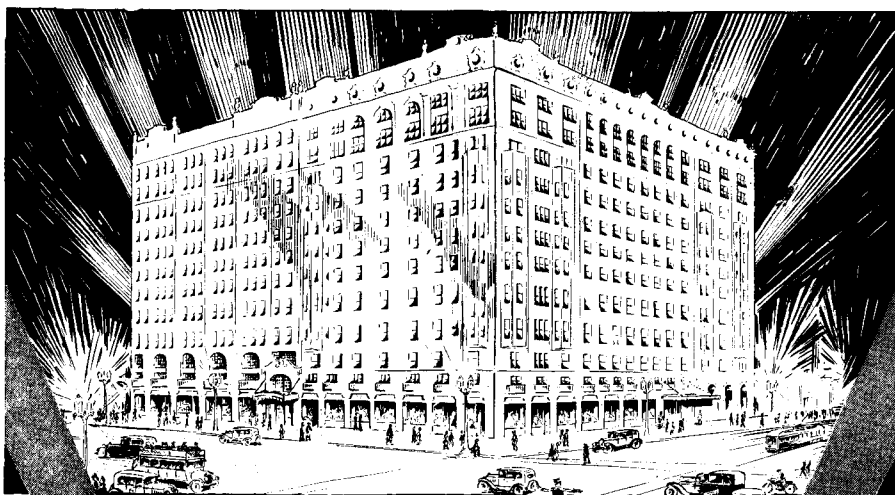
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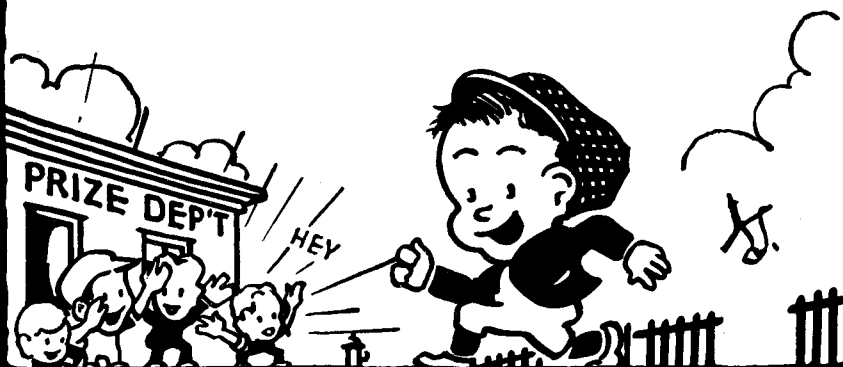
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(Continued from page 45)

had been took prisoner. Truce or no truce, there was them bodies, every once in a while, and none knew where they came from or nothin' else. And there was nothin' we could do about it.

"Even creepier was the mysterious noises and swishes my sentries began to hear in the bushes at night.

"Son, believe me, it was just like a lot of clouds gatherin' on a bright day. Between she and me, I mean. I seen how things lay with her and I told her I knew. She denied it, but she couldn't fool an old campaigner like me, so I told her as how I'd put in to buy my discharge—I was a second-hitch man now—and we'd go back to the States and get married and I'd try to make a livin' at some less fightin' ways. She was so fine and gritty about it. Never blubbered. Always laughed and said she wasn't afraid. Then she'd say, 'Laugh, Jimmy boy.' And then I'd laugh, and then she'd say, 'How could I be afraid listenin' to that laugh?'"

"AND while I kept on laughin' as long as she felt like that about it, and because I saw she put so much stock in my laugh, I knew that them jungle hombies didn't have no sense of humor. I knew that laughs—even my laugh—couldn't knock down bolos.

"The rainy season was settin' in for real now. Niagara Falls ain't got nothin' on them jungles showers. That hot, wet smell floated up from the ground like dope—and speakin' of dope, believe me a little coke wouldn't of gone bad there the night one of my men in goin' out to relieve a bunkie on sentry go—you see, I only posted one guard—and him right in front of the blockhouse door—found him dead. Head gone. Cut off clean as a whistle.

"I routed out the gang and we stood to the rest of that night and fired a few volleys into the jungle just for effect, but nothin' else happened. We heard all kinds of queer things, but seen nothin'.

"However, come mornin', there was not a single man, woman, or brat left in that village! No sir, not a one. Skinned out, every sucker of them, from the dato down.

"Then I knew that something was up and I sent a runner off to K Company headquarters. He got through okay and found things had been happenin' there, too. Four guys who had to be buried without their knobs. Just like

that—at night, swish, flip!—that's all.

"The lieutenant who had charge of K Company, which lacked a full roster of officers, aimed to mop up and take a few prisoners for effect, but the natives had skipped out of the big village just like ours, to prevent reprisals. So the lieutenant—who was that worst of all mixin's in a soldier, green and brave—marched out slowly into the jungle with two platoons.

"And the lieutenant came back a-runnin' with just about one third of a platoon left who could of made use of Q. M. transportation, if they had got it, back to their 'own beloved home'! Bolos was flyin' all around, but he sent off runners for help to regimental headquarters pronto. Only that was forty miles away, and the rainy season full on.

"A man got through to me with the news and with orders to hold the blockhouse until relieved. But even though I had been keepin' the boys close to the blockhouse door the three days since the killin', damnation blazed out of that jungle all around us before you could say slumgullion.

"You see, we was all a-standin' outside in the pourin' rain, not fifty feet from the blockhouse door, in a kind of anxious bunch, chinnin' with the courier, when all of a sudden there must of been a hundred of them naked brown devils jumpin' around us, yellin' crazy things, and swingin' bolos like you would swing a fly swatter. No use for us to do much shootin'. You can't pull the trigger fast enough to do much against a dozen bolos, hankerin' in the general direction of your Adam's apple. So we just clubbed our rifles, and me and two others managed to slug our way back to the blockhouse with our own blocks still on their rightful foundations.

"BUT, no kiddin', the ground around there looked like a bloody bowlin' alley.

"She was inside. Alone when it had begun to pop, she had stood at the gate and watched, and when we got in and she seen there wasn't no more to come exceptin' brown hombies she slammed the door and bolted it.

"Well, sir, that night was awful. Tough as I was I still say it was awful. Tough as we three regulars was, it didn't do our nerves no good. The spigoties seemed aimin' to scare us to death. I figured there was a handful of Insurrecto chiefs from Manila or



Captain—"Hurry, lady, we're sinkin' fast!"
Irate Passenger—"I won't budge! This brute insists that I put on a 52-inch life belt and my size is only 42!"

Suriago behind it all. And take it from me, foxes is stupid compared to them hombres.

"You never heard such goin's-on as that night. Not much shootin', of course, because only a few of them had rifles and they couldn't see our loopholes anyhow. And we didn't have no ammunition to waste, seein' as how we didn't know how long the siege would last. But they just kept up general hell-raisin' all night, so's we couldn't get no rest nor no sleep. Tricky! And what noise it was—yells, long howls, enough to make the hair on your chest stand up!

"Her? Gosh, I was sorry for her. She seemed to shrivel and whiten, like a flower dyin' for water and sun. I just didn't do nothin' but hold her close, and she didn't do nothin' but cling to me, like that day on the river bank. Only harder now.

"WELL, sir, how she lived through that night I never will know. When daylight came the rough-house started in earnest again. In no time one of my men was dead. Plugged right through the bean as he stood firin' outen one of them ground-floor loopholes. They was kind of wide and leaky, them loopholes. The Spaniards who had built this block-house trusted too much to God and too little to bamboo.

"Me and the other fellow scrimped on bullets. We could see the devils once in a while. And who we saw we plugged. It was as I had suspicioned. A dozen high-yallers in white, armed with Mausers, bossin' maybe a hundred geestringed Moros.

"Then my last bunkie was plugged. She knelt on the floor beside him and held his head in her lap, as I stood up to the loopholes and kept on firin' until my Krag was hot. Then I'd swap for one of the dead men's guns. And keep changin' like that.

"I was plumb scared now. You never saw a guy lose his toughness so quick. What good would it of done me to be tough then? I knew we was doomed unless help came. And there was no help, so far as I could figure.

"Tough as I was, I was goin' all to pieces. Then all of a sudden the funniest thing happened. She started to perk up. I could see that she was gettin' pluckier by the minute. Maybe it was from seein' me goin' to pieces and she figured one of us had to suck in our chin.

"But I guess it was just because she was dead right when she used to laugh at me and say that all my toughness was on the outside. I guess, all right, I wore my guts on my blouse sleeve, whilst hers was inside where they belonged. Because as she knelt there and held that last man's head in her lap, and he up and died just like that, and then she saw that I was near to dyin' of fright, she just seemed to take a-hold of things. She just seemed to take on a kind of funny light around her head—one of them there halos.

"I ain't never seen nothin' like it. She lost all her panic. She got calm and quiet and smiled a little, and she stood up and asked me to show her how to load the Krag-Jorgensens. Then she did that while I fired.

"Them hombres outside began to rush the blockhouse, and I knew what they was wantin'. They wanted her alive. The white girl. My hands shook so I couldn't shoot straight, even when they was only a few yards from the loopholes, and me drawin' five cart-wheels a month extra pay as a expert marksman!

"She put a cold hand on me and suggested that we retreat upstairs. That was sensible, because up there they couldn't see us, and we wouldn't offer no targets for them Mausers.

"There wasn't a awful lot of ammunition now. I toted up all I could, and with what was upstairs I managed to make a pretty decent fight of it until along toward evening. I managed to keep them away from the door downstairs.

"They could of set fire to the blockhouse, of course, and run us out that way. But they wanted her alive. They didn't give a darn about me. Some bolo was already drinkin' my blood.

"I hoped she wouldn't suspect why they didn't smoke us out. It was bad enough, but I didn't want her to realize the real thing they was after. Her white body! I was blubberin' so the drops ran down my rifle barrel and gummed up the peepsights. But they'd never get her, so help me, they'd never get her! My white flower. My sweetheart, who laughed so softy-like when I said I was tough—

"It was growin' dark now, and pourin' rain. That heavy, thick tropic rain that pounds smells outen the ground. I seen there was no hope now, and because I had used up all the rifle ammunition and only had a couple of bullets left for my pistol I backed away from the loophole and just stood there in the middle of the floor, holdin' her close, and listenin' to the devils breakin' in downstairs, and shriekin' and poundin' a log up against the trapdoor.

"I told her, then, that they must never take her alive. 'I've already thought of that,' she said, awfully quiet like.

"It was me who was clingin' to her now, just like she used to cling to me. And the smell of that wet earth began to come in strong from the jungle, even above the powder. As I clung to her, and her hair was in my face I thought of how she was like a flower, and how this smell comin' in was like smells from a garden—a garden where we would of lived back in the States and always of been happy. . . .

"I kept them last two bullets. Some things was better for her than to be took prisoner. She knew it. I knew it. We didn't have to say a word. We just looked at one another—she a-smilin' up into my face and me a-blubberin', and then she said to me, 'When they break in, one for you and one for me—and, old-timer, shoot straight!'

"And she laughed when she said that. She laughed!

"Then she said to me, 'Laugh, Jimmy, let me hear you—laugh like you used to.' And I did as she told me.

"IT ALL got kind of confused then. That smell of her hair and the smell of the hot jungle rain. And such a racket and shootin' and yellin' downstairs, with the door givin' up in the floor, inch by inch, and me a-watchin' it and holdin' my pistol ready. Two bullets!

"'Laugh, Jimmy, laugh,' she kept whisperin', and laughin' herself to see me, the tough one, clingin' to her so and blubberin'. And I laughed.

"Then the door sprang up and I fired quick. God, I couldn't look, but I had to. She was smilin' into my face. Funny little smile on her mouth. And she was still whisperin', 'Laugh, Jimmy, laugh—laugh.' I laughed—even when I could feel where that bullet crumpled her insides, and how she was snuffin' out in my hands like a altar candle—

"'Laugh, Jimmy, laugh.' It was the last thing she said. And I laughed, crazy like, and pulled the trigger on myself.

"But I was a-laughin' so hard it slowed up my trigger finger, and they knocked my gun down. That was a relief party of Americans that had broke in. . . .

"I guess maybe that we'd better turn on the lights now, sir—and I'll open up the window again."



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A Part in the Show

Continued from page 9

inauguration day. That was the first Harrison, of "Tippecanoe and Tyler too" fame. But his fate was more or less his own fault. He rode to the Capitol without an overcoat and stood on the steps there in a bitter east wind delivering his inaugural address without hat or overcoat or gloves. He was succeeded by Mr. Tyler one month later.

Of recent Presidents Mr. Taft had the worst inaugural weather. Fourteen inches of snow turning to slush awaited the paraders. The inaugural address had to be delivered inside the Capitol for the second time in the history of the country, to lessen the chance of casualties among the elderly members of the Supreme Court.

Washington Was Scandalized!

President Lincoln had one bad inauguration day, in 1865. It rained heavily and soldiers parading slipped and fell in the mud as they floundered down unpaved Pennsylvania Avenue. Garfield in 1881 faced rain and snow and sleet. Some military organizations refused to parade. Harrison in 1889 had the same kind of weather. So did Cleveland in 1893 and McKinley in 1901. Indeed the legend of bad inauguration weather is founded on fact. The pleasant March 4ths have been the exceptions.

So you see there are plenty of reasons why making inauguration day a people's day instead of a mere bureaucrats' day as it has been in recent years requires careful consideration.

Here's another: Something untoward politically may happen if the inauguration is made a free-for-all as it once was.

For example there is the Ku Klux Klan. There are reports that it would like to demonstrate on March 4th. Its presence in the line of march seems to be guarded against by two provisions. In the first place the Republican leaders of the states decide who shall represent the states. And second, no one will parade who has not a uniform. A bed sheet and a night cap with eye holes in it will not pass as a uniform.

A history of inaugural parades is really a history of the Presidency and of the popular attitude toward it. The early Presidents were not popularly elected. They were chosen by the elder statesmen called electors, who are now a sort of vermiform appendix in our electoral system. Roads were ruts and traveling was difficult. Washington was only a village, so there were no great crowds to see the President sworn in as head of the nation.

Precedents for inauguration were borrowed from regal England, diluted to suit tastes cultivated in New England town meetings. They used to call the White House the "palace" in those days. And democratic John Adams used to worry because there were no titles of nobility. Society was aristocratic, in theory, at least. The inaugural ball presented no problems of class or caste. Government clerks who had powder for their wigs and proper buckles for their shoes went to it, mingling without question with the gentlemen who ought to have been lords but were not.

The first really popular election, that of Andrew Jackson, brought a great change. Jackson's admirers, riding flea-bitten horses and wearing coonskin coats and caps, descended upon Washington from the frontier in Kentucky and Tennessee like a plague of locusts. Respectable Washington was scandalized, retired to its houses and pulled

down its shades to shut out the scabrous spectacle.

Nice ladies held their noses. John Quincy Adams left the White House in haste to avoid contamination. There wasn't much of a parade, for the swell military organizations of the District refused to march in honor of the low life. But 10,000 or so of his admirers rushed at him enthusiastically after the inaugural address and would probably have trampled him in their affectionate demonstration except that a ship's hawser was stretched in front of him to hold them back. They crowded the White House and stood with muddy boots on the chairs and sofas to catch a glimpse of him.

And Jackson did one thing that made Washington the mecca for thousands. He introduced the revolutionary policy: to the victors belong the spoils. There was something in coming to Washington after that, a sense of power in making Presidents and a feeling of gratitude for favors about to be received.

Popular elections, expectation of spoils, and intense partisan feeling occasioned the popular outpouring at Washington on inauguration day and the inaugural parades which may almost be said to have grown in volume up to the time of Roosevelt's election.

In those days Presidents were generally known by an affectionate nickname. Zachary Taylor, of brief memory, used to go down to market every morning with a market basket on his arm. The relation of the public to the President was similar to that of the burghers of New York to gay Jimmy Walker. There was not much awe of Presidents then. When President Tyler was leaving the White House he planned to take a boat down the Potomac to his Virginia home. He arrived with all his household belongings, slaves and family a moment after the boat left the wharf. Someone called to the captain, "Put back for President Tyler!" The captain, a good Whig, shouted, "President Tyler be damned. He can wait." And the boat proceeded on its way.

Another incident: When Harrison was about to be inaugurated, national guardsmen gathered on the White House steps on March 3d and made the night hideous by singing, "We'll put old Grover in the cold, cold ground," alternating this song with demands to be let in to sleep in the corridors of the White House. No one stopped them. Even liquor would not make men bold enough to do that now that the distance has widened between the people and the Presidency.

"An Enormous Cocktail"

Inauguration crowds were good-humored and rowdy. Newspaper stories tell of much drunkenness. The grotesque was a feature of the parades, floats with huge cider barrels on them, or log cabins, fat men's clubs, and marching clubs with weird uniforms. Benjamin Harrison and Levi P. Morton each had a six-foot "floral chair" as inauguration gifts. So did Grover Cleveland. There floral offerings were featured at the inaugural balls.

Mark Hanna achieved the greatest honor of any politician. He had a "throne" on the line of march at 14th Street and Pennsylvania Avenue. How Doctor Work would like to have a "throne" this year! Near Mark Hanna's "throne" was a popular spot to see the parade. There were more good saloons there than anywhere else.

Theodore Roosevelt had a "bully time"

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at his inauguration, dancing about like a schoolboy during the parade, asking every few moments, "Where are the cowboys?" The cowboys had come under Seth Bullock from the Dakotas, Wyoming and Montana to ride in his honor.

His energetic personality jazzed up the whole proceedings. Samuel G. Blythe, then Washington correspondent of the New York World, described this inauguration as "an enormous cocktail, a dash of vaudeville, a filip of imperialism, a jigger of militarism, a sufficient quantity of expansion, filled to the top with Rooseveltism, shaken well and served."

It was a great show that finished this era that began with Jackson. Even the word cocktail should now be obsolete!

Mrs. Taft and Mrs. Sherman, the Vice President's wife, rode back to the White House from the Capitol with their husbands in 1909, the first wives to be given a place in the ceremonies. Equal rights associations all over the country passed self-congratulatory resolutions.

Four years later the women suffragists paraded through inauguration crowds. This is one of the scandals of inauguration history. Rowdies of the superior sex spat upon them from the sidewalks and shouted insults into their ears. Troops had to be called from Fort Myer. But Marie Moore Forrest knocked one of the roughs down. She got the vote soon afterward.

Well, this year's parade won't be like any in the past. And no one need weep over the change. The country is more grown up.

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THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

WILLIAM L. CHENERY, Editor



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Managing Editor

What a New President thinks

Scene: Washington, D. C. Time: March 4, 1929. The presidential procession, headed by Chief Justice Taft, Mr. Hoover and Mr. Coolidge comes out of the Capitol entrance and the assembled thousands burst into cheers at sight of the principal actors in the Great American Drama.

MR. HOOVER: (to himself) A few minutes more and I'll be President of the United States. What a crowd! I should have insisted on holding the ceremonies inside. I haven't got the voice for a thing like this.

President of the United States! The highest office in the gift of the people. How I wish mother and father could have lived to see this day. President of the United States! It's colder than I thought it would be. I was a fool not to have worn my heavy underwear.

Hope I don't look as funny in a silk hat as Coolidge does.

President of the United States!

Wonder what Coolidge will do now that he's out of office. Probably go back to Vermont. A queer duck. He's got as many layers as an onion. Six years of pretty close association, and I've never been able to figure him out.

One thing sure. He didn't want me. For that matter, I don't see many people here that did. A whole lot better for me to have it that way. It gives me a freer hand than I would have had otherwise. A free hand! What's the use of thinking about a free hand when I've got the party to deal with? Quarrel with the organization and where are you?

But what a tremendous thing it would be if a President really could do what he wanted to do. What a chance! To be able to appoint the best man, regardless of political considerations. To plan for the public good without thought of partisan advantage.

President of the United States! The nation's chief executive. Yes he is! Congress makes the laws and the Supreme Court approves, sets aside or interprets the intent out of them. All a President can do is to beg and trade for the laws he wants or take a chance on a veto when he's turned down. Look at Coolidge. The idol of his party, according to the newspapers, yet he got through little that he wanted and defeated few things he didn't want. Congress ran him ragged. And yet they talk about his being such a clever politician. President of the United States!

There's Jim Watson. What a type of the old-style politician, always pawing and back-slapping. Yet he gets away with it. I gave him the trimming of his life, but you'd think he loved me like a brother.

God knows there are a lot of things to do. Special privileges! Loaded dice! Not much of a government of the people, by the people and for the people. But do the people really care? They hounded Washington until he was sick of the office, and time after time Lincoln was in danger of being torn to pieces. Woodrow Wilson was for the people, but he's dead of a broken heart and Vare's elected to the Senate.

Good Lord! I thought this was going to be the happiest moment of my life, and here I am feeling rotten and depressed. I ought to have made myself sleep last night. Who's that over there? Oh, yes. Bascom Slemp. I'll have to do something for him, of course. Virginia was certainly a surprise. So was Texas for that matter. A government of the people, by the people and for the people. If I can only make it come true. Liberty, justice, happiness. I suppose every man that's stood here has had the same dreams. Even poor old Harding. Well, they'll never get me where they got him. Ruined by those he loved.

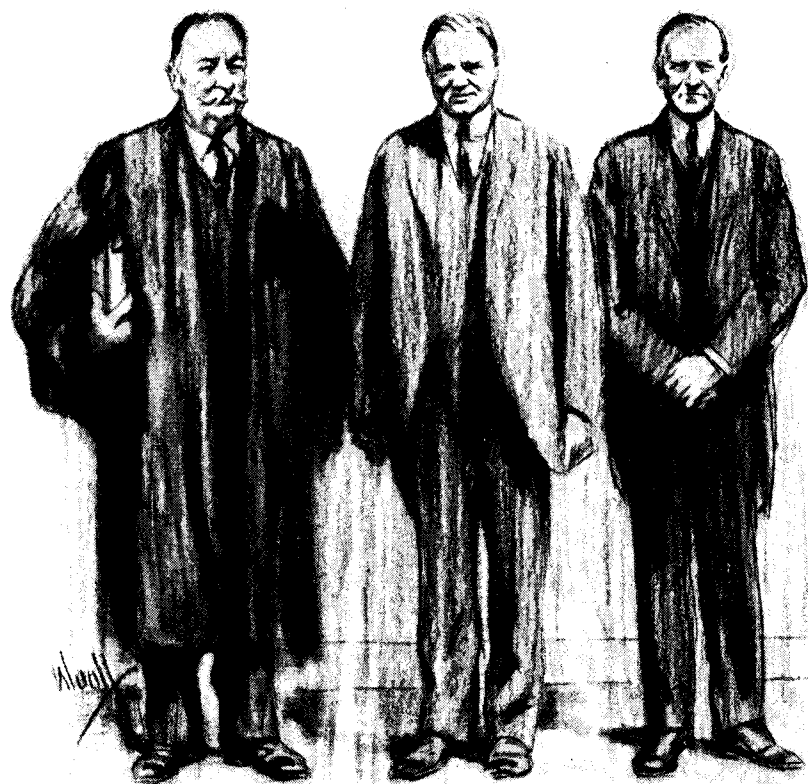
Why doesn't Taft start? I feel as if I had been here for hours. Look at that bunch of Senators over there. Getting along with them is going to be some job. However, Jim Reed's gone.

Taft's showing signs of getting in motion. No, not yet. There's luck for you. Sixteen years ago the people repudiated him by a vote that was almost unanimous. Deader than a door-nail, yet look at him now. Chief Justice of the United States, and the real ruler of the country. No question that something ought to be done to curb the power of the Supreme Court. Setting aside laws passed by Congress and signed by the President of the United States. Where's the balance of power in that?

I'M LUCKY myself when you come right down to it. Fifteen years ago I wasn't even a name in the United States. What if I hadn't been in London when the war broke out? What if Wilson hadn't given me the Food Commission? I'd probably be in China now, bossing a lot of coolies.

And how near I came to tying myself up with the Democrats. Just bull-headed luck I didn't. Wonder what Frank Kellogg's whispering to Borah? There's another case of luck. Only a little while ago he was being guyed to death as a Nervous Nellie, and now he's likely to go down in history as the great apostle of world peace.

Lord, but I'm nervous. Wonder if my face shows it. I bet my inaugural



address will fall flat as a pancake. Everybody's expecting something sensational and courageous. If I only dared to cut loose. But what's the use of talking nonsense? Play safe. That's the only way. Coolidge proved it. Cautious, conservative stuff. Safe and sane. Don't rock the boat even when it's full of bilge. They like a President who sits tight and does nothing. A queer business! The youngest country in the world—a population collected from the adventurous of the earth—and yet we're conservative to the bone.

President of the United States! Washington and Lincoln! I can't get those names out of my head. I wonder if they felt humble and unhappy? Of course they did.

What is it I've got to swear to? Oh yes! "I do solemnly swear that I will faithfully execute the office of the President of the United States, and will, to the best of my ability, preserve, protect and defend the Constitution of the United States." How Borah would love to take that oath. The old Watch Dog of the Constitution. There's a man I won't be able to get along with. He can't play anything but a lone hand, and I'm a good deal that way myself.

"Preserve, protect and defend the Constitution of the United States." Another piece of our queerness. We've got fast trains and steamers, the radio and the airplane, but we hang to a Constitution that was written in the days of the tallow dip and stagecoach for a country of four million people.

Of course it ought to be revised and brought up to date. A fat chance! Suggest a thing like that and you'd be mobbed.

There's the farm bloc over there, all huddled together. No question that something's got to be done for the farmer. And they're going to come down on me like a ton of brick.

At last!

Chief Justice Taft advances, right hand up-raised, and Mr. Hoover his own right hand raised in invocation to a God of Justice, takes the oath, and kisses the outheld Bible.

MR. HOOVER: (as he reaches for his inaugural address)—President of the United States! To establish justice—to promote the general welfare—to secure the blessings of liberty—that government of the people, by the people and for the people shall not perish from the earth. God helping me, I will. I WILL.

W H Y F A M O U S M E N O F T H E D A Y U S E B A R B A S O L

*"For a quick, easy shave
there's nothing better"*



*"I always use
Barbasol because it gives
me a cleaner, closer shave
and leaves the skin feeling
soothed and refreshed."*

William Faversham



WILLIAM FAVERSHAM

America's most distinguished actor whose artistry has made him the idol of the theater-going public



*Women like
their men*

young looking, bright and keenly
fresh looking. Men like to be this
way too. New Barbasol Skin Fresh-
ener cools, revives, freshens. Douse
it on the face—after shaving—
whenever tired. Nothing better...
you'll agree!

NOW, throw away brush and mug and use
the time formerly spent in lathering and
rubbing to better advantage—sleep, for instance.

Treat yourself to a Barbasol shave. And
you'll quickly learn why the "Who's Who"
of America is also the "Who's Who" of this
modern shaving cream.

Tough beards, wiry beards, heavy beards—
all beards look alike to Barbasol. It gives the
smoothest and most comfortable, the coolest
and most resultful shave... in a mere fraction
of the usual time! Just do this:

Wash the face, leave it wet... Then spread

on Barbasol, lightly as a barber does a massage
cream. *Don't rub.* It's unnecessary. For when
Barbasol touches the skin all work is done.
It softens the beard. *Then shave!*

What a difference. The razor speeds over

Barbasol
For Modern Shaving

No brushing—No lathering—No rubbing

the face. So smoothly and evenly, it's difficult
to believe that the whiskers are being mowed
close to the skin-line. There's no pulling, no
nicking, no scratching.

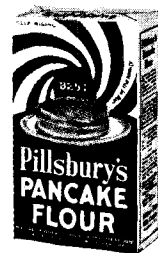
Then dry your face. How cool and smooth
the skin feels. Your face looks cleaner and
refreshed. And it will stay that way all day.
It's the success shave for successful men.

For this cooling, soothing, comfortable shave,
step up to the nearest counter and speak up.
Buy a tube of Barbasol. Two sizes, both gen-
erous, 35¢ and 65¢. The Barbasol Co., Indian-
apolis, Ind.



A little motherly co-operation gives young Johnnie McGroucher time before school for one more Pillsbury's pancake.

Here's a boon to mothers who have trouble finding a really nourishing breakfast that the children will eat without parental threats. Pillsbury's pancakes are high in food value, light, tender, delicious, easy to digest. And surprisingly easy to make—simply add milk or water to Pillsbury's Pancake Flour and bake!



Pillsbury's Pancake Flour

made of the same pure, high quality ingredients you use in your own kitchen